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The Week

GENERAL war in China became almost a certainty when the Japanese began military and naval action in Shanghai, and were opposed by large concentrations of troops from the Nanking government's army. Air bombings and artillery bombardment killed thousands of civilians, including a few Americans and Europeans. British and American governments rushed troops and ships to the scene of action, and prepared to evacuate their nationals and other foreigners as quickly as possible. Unavailing protests against hostilities in this area were made to both belligerents. . . . Meanwhile the Chinese continued to defend successfully the approaches to the provinces west of Peiping. . . . Opposition to the proposed partition of Palestine continued, with the French and American governments taking a hand. New possibilities were explored. . . . In Spain, there was a midsummer lull in the fighting, except for a renewed advance by the rebels toward Santander, in the Basque country. The government was apparently waiting to deal with the threatened political opposition within its ranks before taking any more extensive military action, though a slight advance was achieved in the Brunete sector west of Madrid. . . . The Soviet government continued to depose important industrial executives on suspicion of sabotage. . . . Numerous political upheavals occurred in Latin America, and the United States government decided not to sell old destroyers to Brazil, after all.

CONGRESS steadily diminished the chances of important new legislation before adjournment. Southern Democrats in the rules committee, in alliance with Republicans, refused to allow the wages-and-hours bill to come to a vote. In the Senate, the anti-lynching bill was removed from the calendar for this session. The House, however, unanimously passed the tax-loophole bill, which went up to the Senate, and the latter body was about to confirm the nomination of Senator Black to the Supreme Court as we went to press. . . . The strike under the auspices of the TWOC in the silk and rayon industries proceeded successfully, about three-fifths of the workers in the industry being under union contract by the end of the week. . . . The National Labor Relations Board opened hearings on the charges against Weirton Steel for anti-union discrimination, the reply of the company being phrased apparently for propaganda purposes more than for disproof of the specific charges. It denied the jurisdiction of the Board, accused it of being in conspiracy with the CIO, and made other irrelevant statements, thus clearly showing Mr. Weir's continued defiance of the United States government. . . . Shipyard employers in New York were summoned by the state labor board to meet the union representatives in an attempt at settlement; in spite of the law, the employers refused to attend.

AMONG the important measures that have been lost, for the present at least, in the struggle of Congress to adjourn, is the President's plan for governmental reorganization. In this particular case, postponement is more justifiable than in others, since the proposal is one that requires long and careful attention. Meanwhile, it might be well to put a pin through the fact that the present members of Congress are behaving no better than any of their recent

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predecessors in the matter of patronage. Three important measures either recently passed or pending have had provisions inserted that no one shall receive a larger salary than $4,000 or $5,000 under their provisions, without confirmation by the Senate. In plain English, the upper house intends that all the juicy plums shall be picked from a political tree, the subject of trading back and forth. Every New Deal bureau set up in Washington has been plagued to death by Senators and Representatives demanding jobs for their constituents, whether competent or not, and often cheerfully admitted to be grossly unqualified. Repeated efforts have been made, some of them successful, to get from these government bureaus a complete list of their employees, with their home addresses, for the obvious purpose of shaking them down politically. One party is as bad as another in all these respects. The President's reorganization plan provides for putting under civil service as many as possible of the federal employees now outside it. This feature will be bitterly fought in Congress. During the debate, it might be well to remember the foregoing facts.

IT IS ten years ago next week since the shoemaker and the fish peddler were put to death by the state of Massachusetts, not for the crime of murder, which they had not committed, but for the triple crime of being poor and alien and holding radical views. We wish some thoughtful student of social affairs would spend a year or two in research trying to answer the question whether the Sacco-Vanzetti case has had any beneficial effects upon public opinion or judicial procedure, in the United States. Lawyers tell us that so far as changes in the law are concerned, there is no evidence that the case of Sacco and Vanzetti produced improvement. Most of the states which then refused to permit the higher courts to consider new evidence still do so; where there have been changes, there is no proof that the Sacco-Vanzetti case was responsible. Of the principal actors in the famous affair, some are dead and most of the others are retired. We are aware of no instance in which any of the participants in the judicial murder has expressed regret or doubt as to his part in it. On the fact of the record, therefore, we should have to say that Sacco and Vanzetti died in vain so far as the lesson to America is concerned. But the face of the record is not all. No one knows how many other, similar cases, in Massachusetts or elsewhere, may not have been prevented because the prosecutors remembered Sacco and Vanzetti.

IT WAS wise of the Department of State to withdraw its naïve offer to sell old destroyers to Brazil. We fear that the government of that country has been putting some fast ones over on our good Secretary Hull. For months, under suspension of its Constitution, Brazil has been governed by a dictatorship which has relentlessly suppressed not only the independent trade unions but all liberal forces. At the same time it has tolerated the existence and growth of the Integralistas, a native fascist movement under Italian and German influence. The government itself has been friendly toward these European dictatorships. Apparently it has been using the danger of German penetration, which it has itself created, to convince the United States government that it should be granted economic and military favors for possible defense against Germany. Naturally enough, neighboring nations such as Argentina, who know the Brazilians better, see right through this maneuver. Brazil can be protected against Germany easily enough if she wants to be without adding to the international armament racket.

THE strike in the silk and rayon industries, under the auspices of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee of the CIO, is an example of well managed and successful labor strategy. Many of the largest concerns were induced to sign contracts with the union before any strike was called, and hence were completely exempt from the stoppage. Of the others, a large number were ready for standardized labor conditions, established by contract with a responsible union organization, if they could be made general throughout the industry. The walkout proved that they could be, and so these employers have signed up, returning many thousands to work after an orderly and brief demonstration. Only a few irreconcilables remain, like the Duplan Company, which uses the same old arguments about the "irresponsibility" of the union, its supposed coercion of employees who want to work and the necessity of maintaining law and order. We suspect these statements of being dictated in the office of a labor-espionage agency; they are the same old routine stuff —Form B 1.

LEGISLATIVE action to prevent wholesale dismissals from WPA rolls is the object of the Schwellenbach-Allen bill (S. J. R. 176) that was introduced in Congress on July 9 and is now rapidly lining up liberal and progressive support. The bill provides that the 1938 relief-appropriation act shall be so administered that "no WPA worker who cannot find employment in private industry at wages not less than the prevailing rate of wages for work for which he or she is reasonably fitted by training or experience shall be discharged from the WPA rolls; and that any WPA employee securing temporary private employment shall be furloughed during the period of private employment by the WPA and not discharged from the rolls." A majority of the Senate committee of education and labor is understood to be in favor of the bill and a total of eighteen Senators and seventy Representatives already have formally expressed their support, with others going on record for it every day. The Workers' Alliance of America is actively campaigning for the bill. A citizens' committee, including Freda Kirchwey, Oswald Garrison Villard, George Soule and Harry W. Laidler has been formed to work for the bill and headquarters have been established at

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112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, with Mary W. Hillyer as secretary.

IT LOOKS like a hot campaign in New York City, which in November will elect a municipal administration for the next four years. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, seeking to succeed himself, has been greatly strengthened by the announcement that Thomas E. Dewey, youthful special prosecutor who has done more than anyone else to discourage racketeering in New York, will run for District Attorney as his ally. In general, the situation continues to be a madhouse. LaGuardia is the Fusion candidate, and will probably enter the Republican primary as well. Dewey, and several other members of LaGuardia's entourage, will be in the Republican primary. United States Senator Royal S. Copeland, the Al Smith-Tammany, anti-New Deal candidate, will enter both the Republican and Democratic primaries. Copeland has the support of only the Tammany members in Manhattan Borough, minus a large minority who are pro-Roosevelt. The Democrats in the other four boroughs of the city are supporting Jeremiah T. Mahoney, who is running as a friend of the New Deal—this in spite of the fact that Mayor LaGuardia is a far closer New Deal friend. The American Labor Party is playing a role of unprecedented importance, supporting LaGuardia and Dewey. The expert on rackets has hurt Tammany's feelings by saying that the Hall is allied with crime. Tammany demands that Dewey present his evidence. If anything funnier has been seen this summer than Tammany's astonishment and rage at his suggestion, we do not know what it is.

DURING the next week the American Newspaper Guild will hold a national referendum on the major policies adopted at the Guild's convention in St. Louis—a progressive program: affiliation with the CIO, opening the Guild ranks to the business staffs of newspapers, support of the principle of independent political action and condemnation of the German-Italian fascist invasion of Spain. Obviously, these are the policies of progressive trade-unionism and, accordingly, the referendum really resolves itself down to a vote on that basic issue. At the same time, it also represents a vote of confidence in the Guild's leaders who supported this program at the convention and who are now being challenged by a minority that lost at St. Louis. It seems somewhat strange to find the Guild voting on whether it favors a progressive trade-union policy. For if there is any union that has demonstrated the wisdom and effectiveness of such a policy, it is the Guild itself. The argument is now made, however (and the publishers have obligingly given it generous space), that the progressive policies and leadership that have served the Guild so well are no longer desirable. The Guild leadership under Heywood Broun, we are asked to believe, suddenly went haywire at St. Louis and adopted a program deliberately designed to destroy the organization it has spent four laborious years in building up. Obviously, this does not make much sense—except perhaps to publishers. We hope that the Guild membership will endorse the program of the St. Louis convention.

LABOR demonstrated last week in Ohio what it can accomplish by standing united in municipal politics. In Akron, stronghold of the United Rubber Workers of America, the rank and file of CIO and A.F. of L. unions had joined hands through Labor's Non-Partisan League to enter a list of mayoral and city-council candidates on the Democratic primary ballot. The League went about its job thoroughly and realistically. It carefully built ward organizations and for the first time in Akron's history really got the workers to the polls. Despite the opposition of the regular Democratic machine and of the industrial interests, the League's candidate for mayor, G. L. Patterson, got three times as many votes as his three opponents combined, and ten of the League's eleven council candidates were nominated. Almost twice as many people voted in the Democratic primary as in the Republican. Patterson, youthful former National Labor Relations Board attorney, will face the reactionary incumbent Republican, Lee D. Schroy, who was unopposed in the November election. In nearby Canton, in the steel-strike area, labor also won in the primary, nominating Darrell Smith against five opponents.

THE curse of our life, we rise to remark, is the questionnaire—or would be, if an editor's life did not consist almost entirely of curses. Hardly a day goes by that someone does not send us a twenty-nine-page blank to be filled out on a basis of research that would rarely take more than four or five months' time in each case. College professors are the worst offenders; they think it is just terribly cute to send a nice fat mimeographed question blank to three or four thousand total strangers, with postage-collect envelopes for reply. Fake research bureaus come next; they are usually attached to advertising agencies and are trying to impress some prospective client with an elaborate lot of useless information furnished by us in our spare time (if we had any, which we don't). Now, unkindest cut of all, we get a questionnaire from Fortune Magazine, which we would have supposed would be on our side in this great battle. Fortune asks us, one, two, three: What company makes cellophane? Who is the largest manufacturer of plastics? Who is the largest domestic manufacturer of optical glass? What company pioneered automatic refrigeration? And so on. As a rule, confronted by problems like this, we just shut our eyes and say "the duPonts." But Fortune is getting our dander up. We don't know the answers to your questions, Messrs. Fortune. We don't want to know them. We don't want to have anything to do with anybody who does know them. We should regard ability to answer them as proof of a misspent life. Put that in your questionnaire, Fortune, and make it smoke.

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America and the Far Eastern War

THE NEWS from China is so dreadful that one's first reaction can only be horror for the human suffering and indignation at those finally responsible. No one knows exactly how many persons were killed and wounded in the Shanghai area over the last week-end, but estimates from several sources put the number of dead beyond 3,000, and the slaughter goes on day by day. About one-third of the casualties listed were caused by Chinese military aviators who, presumably aiming at Japanese warships in the river, dropped aërial bombs upon the throngs along the Bund.

Five years ago, similar undeclared war cost 12,000 lives. Even if the Nanking government should now refrain from throwing all its resources into the battle, the number of dead and wounded may easily equal or exceed those of 1932. If the fighting should become general throughout the northern provinces, the reckoning will be tremendously heavier. A well informed European resident of China, quoted the other day in The New Statesman (London), said that with anything like a general war, at least a million persons will probably die in North China. The poverty is so great that the disruption of normal economic life brought by war would push that many people below the subsistence level.

It is possible, certainly, to find some basis for hope in the Far Eastern situation, if one looks hard enough. The Japanese menace has helped to end the internecine warfare between Nanking and the Chinese Communists. Japan's economic plight is a desperate one, a large-scale military operation in China is expensive, and it is possible that a debacle may ensue which would break the grip the militarists now have on the Tokyo government. Perhaps more important than either of these, the Japanese adventure helps to keep peace in Europe. It lessens the danger of an attack by Japan upon the USSR which might start a general European conflagration.

Every available indication shows that American public opinion strongly sympathizes with China, as of course it should. The question is whether there should be any attempt to implement that sympathy, and if so, by what means. There has been much opposition to invoking the neutrality law, on the ground that it would do China more harm than Japan. As The New Republic has shown, this is not the case; Japan can blockade China's coast and cut off supplies from the United States, in any event, so that the only practical effect of invoking the law is to curtail the supplies Japan herself can get from the United States. And every attempt at neutrality, in this complicated modern world, influences all combatant nations. The real question is how best to keep ourselves out of war.

There is nothing in the Far Eastern situation that warrants the entanglement of this country. We have no imperial ambitions in that area. We have agreed by act of Congress to set the Philippines free. Our investments in the Orient are so small in toto that it would be far cheaper for us to buy out their American owners than to fight, even for a few weeks, in their defense. Americans have been killed in China, and doubtless more of them will meet the same fate. These deaths are certainly regrettable, but that regret should not be the basis for a policy of getting into more trouble. There has been ample warning that life and property in this whole region were imperilled. Reports from Washington have suggested that the neutrality law might be invoked by Mr. Roosevelt. There is every reason for such action.

Senator Black as Justice

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's nomination of Senator Hugo Black of Alabama as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court is, as the news commentators have hastened to observe, a shrewd political act. Senator Black is as outspoken and faithful a supporter of the New Deal as could be found; it is unlikely that he would question the constitutionality of any measure that the President has advocated or will advocate. Thus the President increases the progressive majority on the Court, as he has wished from the beginning to do. At the same time, the Senate can hardly refuse to confirm him; the old tradition of "Senatorial courtesy" will prevent a prolonged conflict. Senator Black, in addition, is from the South—from the Deep South, where much of the Democratic opposition to the President exists. Local pride is thus set in opposition to the existing Party revolt. The appointment will undoubtedly be confirmed and the complexion of the Court altered.

But is the appointment a wise one? It is objected that Senator Black is not a great lawyer or jurist; he has never represented prominent clients in famous cases, and his only judicial experience is as a police-court judge. As prosecutor and Senator his attitude has not been "judicial," but partisan against those whom he regarded as guilty offenders. The very fact that he has been so much a bulwark of the New Deal and a supporter of the cause of labor is held against him by those who believe that Supreme Court Justices should be impartial dispensers of abstract justice, and should be above the battle.

It is easy to answer these doubts in a spirit of debate. Many other Supreme Court Justices—among them some of the greatest—had never before their appointment had any judicial experience, but rather had won such eminence as they enjoyed by being effective advocates. A person who has never pled a cause for all there is in it is unlikely to be able to assess shrewdly the arguments of other pleaders. If the present nominee had been a successful partisan, not of the powers of government or the rights of labor, but of great industrial corporations and utilities, those who now object to Senator Black

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on the ground of his record would have hastened to vote for him, and would have maintained indignantly that a lawyer is not to be judged by his clients. Senator Black's intellectual alertness is ably attested by his conduct of the Senate inquiry into lobbying, which produced a monumental record exposing the practices of those opposed to the bill to regulate utility holding companies. It is likely that his discernment and logical powers will be equal to any task imposed upon him as an Associate Justice.

All such considerations, however, leave aside what we conceive to be the main point. Senator Black was undoubtedly chosen for the Supreme Court not primarily for his professional abilities, however great they may be, but for his "economic predilections." Nobody who did not have much the same social viewpoint would have been selected. This is what recommended him to the President; this is what the opposition to him fears. Is such an appointment to be welcomed or regretted?

We believe that it should be welcomed. One of the greatest responsibilities of the Supreme Court, under our system of government as it has developed, is to decide constitutional issues. That is a political function, bearing intimately upon the welfare of the various interests and the masses throughout the United States. There is wide latitude for constitutional interpretation, and the personal inclinations of the learned Justices have much to do with the scope that they will say the Constitution permits to Congress, legislatures and executives both national and state. The Court, until its most recent session, has been inhibiting the growth of governmental competence to deal with the immensely critical problems that confront the nation today. It has been doing so because of the conservative social philosophy of a majority of its members, and for no other reason. The President is therefore wise to make new appointments to it in a political spirit. It is desirable to place on the bench representatives of the philosophy that will permit governmental experiment and progress. Mr. Black's views and recent record are a positive recommendation, just as the views of a reactionary nominee would be a drawback.

We do not imply that legal scholarship, a flexible and alert mind, and ability to deal with abstruse non-constitutional issues should be ignored. If Senator Black lacks any of these qualifications, it is a pity. There would be good reasons against the appointment of anyone who, however firmly he might believe in a certain approved philosophy, would be incapable of growth under changed circumstances. So far as we can judge, Mr. Black's record does not indicate that his development is likely to stop short as soon as he takes his seat on the bench. So long, however, as the Court remains a great political tribunal, with the power to say no to Congress and the electorate behind it, the political orientation of its members will be of paramount importance. An appointee whose views are known is to be preferred to one who masks prejudices under the assumption of judicial impartiality.

In the Best of Styles

SENATOR Hugo Black's nomination to the Supreme Court has raised a howl of protest in the conservative press and has brought down every sort of vituperation upon his head. If, however, one happens to recall the storm that arose over the nomination of Mr. Justice Brandeis in 1916, he will understand that these black words and ugly face-making tactics are an old and tried political device.

When President Wilson nominated Mr. Brandeis on January 28, 1916, the first startled objection to be raised was that the President had apparently chosen his candidate without consulting any of his advisers. The New York Times, in its leading news story on the nomination, said that Mr. Brandeis was in no sense a candidate for the office; that his name had never been mentioned in the pre-nomination gossip, and particularly that the President had broken precedent in not consulting with the Senators from Massachusetts, Lodge and Weeks. According to The Times, Washington was shocked and at a loss to understand the motives behind the President's choice. Some thought President Wilson was making a bid for German-American support, because Mr. Brandeis was of German parentage. Others accused the President of bidding for the favor either of organized labor, of liberal political groups or of the Jews.

Editorial comment in the press the following day favored the nomination, on the whole, but there were a few hints of the opposition that was about to come as soon as it could gather its forces together. Josiah H. Beaton, of Boston, a leader of the Bar, spoke for his set of conservative lawyers:

> I consider the nomination unfit to be made—not because Mr. Brandeis is a bad man, but because he is not a judicial man. Nobody in Boston would think of selecting him as a referee about anything. That is the test. He has brooded over such subjects as the rights of labor until he has reached a point where it is impossible for him to be fair. President Wilson might as well have nominated Samuel Gompers.

The Boston News Bureau said, in an editorial:

> There is only one redeeming feature in the nomination and that is that it will assist to bury Mr. Wilson at the next presidential election, as the touch of Brandeis assisted in burying Walsh at the late election in Massachusetts.

The New York Sun took a line of thin whimsy:

> Perhaps President Wilson's intention was to break in this case all the precedents which have determined in the past the choice of members to the Supreme Court. Perhaps he desired to try the experiment of infusing into the Court the type of legal temperament which the other Presidents have successfully endeavored to avoid in making their selections. . . . An utterly and even ridiculously unfit appointment.

Mr. Louis Seibold in The New York World summarized, in a dispatch from Washington, the most

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important objections that were being made to the nomination:

> That Mr. Brandeis is a radical, a theorist, impractical with socialist tendencies.
>
> That he is given to extravagance of utterance, inspired by prejudice.
>
> That he is a self-advertiser, seeking personal exploitation.
>
> That he does not possess the "judicial temperament."

Another popular, even if fantastic, argument against the appointment of Mr. Brandeis was that since he was Jewish it was doubtful if the "Oriental mind" could successfully interpret a system of law which was the product of Occidental minds.

But now, it is fair to say that these opinions of Mr. Brandeis which were bandied about with such little restraint have been in large measure revised, even by the most bitter of his former opponents. In the hearings conducted by the subcommittee of the Senate judiciary committee, feeling ran even higher. Certainly the survivors among the men who descended on Washington to give testimony against the character and integrity of Mr. Brandeis must now wish that they had tempered their statements. Take the remark of Senator John D. Weeks:

> He is of the material that makes good advocates, reformers and crusaders, but not good or safe judges.

Or the testimony of Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston:

> A man, I should say, of duplicity; double dealing; a man who works under cover so that nobody knows where he really is or what he is really about.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, also of Boston:

> An able lawyer, very energetic, ruthless in the attainment of his objects, not scrupulous in the methods he adopts, and not to be trusted. . . . There is a radical lack of confidence in him among a representative class of men in the community in which I live and which has existed for a good while.

And the minority report of the committee, which was signed by C. D. Clark, George Sutherland, William E. Borah, Albert Cummins and John D. Weeks among others:

> Never before in the history of the country has a man been appointed whose honesty and integrity were seriously brought into question. . . . We regard it as a great misfortune and a distinct lowering of the standard heretofore maintained in making appointments to the Supreme Court. . . . One whose reputation for honesty and integrity amongst his associates has proved to be bad, which reputation has been justified by his own conduct.

This is the sort of welcome that greeted the nomination of one who has come to be widely regarded an outstanding member of the Supreme Court. Senator Black has still to prove his caliber, of course, if his appointment goes through, but it should be some consolation to him to know his career as an Associate Justice is starting in the best of styles.

Are Congressmen Babies?

THE VOTERS elect Congressmen, who seem to be anxious enough to get their jobs, and pay them $10,000 a year plus expenses to do the legislative business of the nation. Most of the voters have jobs themselves, to which they have to attend assiduously, with vacations ranging from a week to a month, if they are lucky. During the summer these voters suffer from the heat in all parts of the country; millions of them are in hotter places than Washington, D. C. Yet most of the Congressmen are crying like spoiled children that they must run away from Washington before they finish their work. In the regular course of events they will not convene again until next January, thus having a four-month holiday; and nobody expects even a possible special session to be called before October.

There is no excuse whatever for postponing consideration of any important bill on this ground. Only the trimmed Court bill, the bill to stop tax loopholes, and possibly a mutilated housing law, seem likely to go through. Why should we delay the important work of beginning to regulate minimum wages and maximum hours, because a few stubborn Southern Democrats in the rules committee will not let the House consider the bill, and the Representatives are unwilling to stay long enough to make them do so? The Southern textile workers are just as hot as the Congressmen, and have no vacations. Why should we postpone any longer the consideration of governmental reorganization? Why should the President consent—as he unwisely has done—to advance hundreds of millions of taxpayers' money on cotton-crop loans before Congress has passed a new farm bill which could furnish the only possible economic assurance that the loans can be repaid?

Governing the United States is a serious business; and Congress is shirking its responsibility. Let us be careful to remember the names of those who are leading it to do so—as well as of those who want to attend to business. There will be questions to ask when they come up for reëlection.

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To Madrid: I

ON THURSDAY, July 1, I crossed the eastern Pyrenees at their lowest point, the Col du Perthus. I was entering republican Spain in order to attend a writers' congress that would open three days later at Valencia. Also I hoped to gather material for a series of articles on the civil war, but I very soon found that with only sixteen days to spend in Spain, and hardly more than a dozen words of Spanish, I could not hope to get a detailed or a comprehensive picture. I could of course borrow and bluff, as many correspondents are forced to do. Much the wiser course would be to drop the project and instead to write a simple record of things I saw and heard.

These were nothing very spectacular. I did not see the fighting at Brunete (or get to the front at all, except in an abnormally quiet sector); I did not hear the confidential words of cabinet ministers; I did see and hear people behind the lines, living as best they could in the midst of a war directed against the whole population. The adventures I had were trifling adventures and still, like everything else that happens in Spain, they were part of a struggle that concerns us all.

I had driven south from Paris with Dick Mowrer of The Chicago News. He is twenty-six years old and was making his second trip to the front. This time he was taking his own car along, so as to have an edge on the other correspondents.

For nearly two days we rode through the pleasant French countryside, which seemed untouched by this war or any war, or even by the financial crisis in Paris. We stopped at inns where the proprietors —usually with good reason—boasted of the local wines. It was only at Perpignan, twenty miles north of the border, that we had our first glimpse of what was in front of us. There we planned to make our final preparations, to have the car greased, the oil changed, the brakes adjusted, and to buy twenty square tins of gasoline, which is hard to get in Spain. Grease and oil are sometimes unobtainable.

We went to a garage, the very newest and biggest. The interior was empty. At the left of the door, around the gasoline pump, half a dozen mechanics were sitting in almost clean overalls. At the right of the door, the proprietor stood muttering to a friend. One of the mechanics strolled over and said that they couldn't do anything for us because the garage was on strike. Then the proprietor approached us from the right and exploded into rich meridional French. No, they couldn't do anything for us. Yes, the garage was on strike, because these —gentlemen on the left—wanted him to apply the law of forty hours and five days. But would we please to look across the street at that independent artisan. He worked for himself, he had his own garage, and did *he* have to apply the law of forty hours and five days? No, not at all. He could work fourteen hours a day for seven days a week if he so desired, and that was exactly what he was doing, while a man like *me*—slapping his breast—was being driven into bankruptcy by his idle mechanics.

Afterwards I thought that the scene at the garage door was the civil war in miniature. Across the border in Spain, the proprietor and his friend had taken arms against the six mechanics (and the government elected by them). The mechanics had proved too strong, so the proprietor had hired gun-thugs, Italian, German and Moorish. And the battle was still going on.

There are no trains from France into republican Spain, but there are five or six motor highways still open. One of the two most important runs from Perpignan south through Le Perthus. On July 1 it was carrying less traffic than an average township road in Pennsylvania. The French police were on the lookout for volunteers and contraband, but they hadn't much work to do.

We were stopped for the first time four miles north of the border, at the long bridge over the River Tech. Two Mobile Guards, the tough babies and trouble shooters of the French police force, asked to see our papers, which were numerous and painfully acquired and strictly in order. They cross-examined us about our reasons for going to Spain. Finally both of them entered our names in official-looking notebooks.

The road entered a sun-baked gorge between low mountains sparsely dotted with cork-oak trees that were stripped of their bark and were scarcely higher than a man's head. We passed nobody but black-capped Mobile Guards, strolling in pairs. At another bridge we were subjected to the same routine of examination and cross-examination, this time by two guards so unfriendly that I was afraid they would turn us back. I was breathing quickly and my fingertips were cold.

At Le Perthus, the border town, a dozen or more passenger cars were parked on the right of the highway. I thought at first that they were waiting to drive into Spain, but it turned out that they belonged to French and foreign observers some of whom, I am sure, were acting for Franco. Our examination by police officials and French customs men lasted for more than an hour. During all that time, only two cars crossed the border. One of them was a truck from Barcelona, painted red and black, the colors of the CNT; it roared up to a pump on the French side, got a tankful of gasoline, and then roared back again. The other was a consular car

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bristling with Swiss flags like a bull stuck full of *banderillas*. The only goods waiting to cross the border were boxes of Spanish cork bark consigned to an American insulating factory. Of course it is unsafe to generalize from this one experience, but what I saw in Le Perthus was later confirmed by almost everything I heard south of the border. The Spanish republic is getting practically no help from its sister republic to the north. There is some smuggling of guns along back roads, as there has always been, but I was told that more of them go to Franco than reach the Loyalists. As for articles not contraband of war, the trade in them is probably not half so great as in peacetime. Spain is fighting international fascism—in that sense she is fighting for all of us—but except for the help from Soviet Russia, and from individual volunteers who follow goat-paths over the Pyrenees, and a driblet of supplies by sea from Mexico, she is fighting alone.

There was a chain stretched across the road at the international boundary. A dozen unmilitary-looking Spanish soldiers were standing just beyond it (to me the inability to look or feel at home in a uniform is one of the most endearing traits of the Spanish character). Their officer glanced at our passports hastily; he didn't even ask to see the thick sheaf of letters and safe-conducts that I had spent a month in accumulating at embassies and consulates and police headquarters. He stepped back and raised his fist in the Red Front salute. *"Salud,"* he said, and we answered *"Salud!"* The chain dropped, the car jumped forward and at last we were in Spain.

We drove at forty miles an hour over a tree-lined road which looked very much like the French roads, and through fields which looked more fertile and better cultivated than those in southern France. At first no sign of war, except for a line of empty dull-green Russian trucks. The milestones read, "To Madrid—479 kilometers," "To Madrid—473 kilometers," always to Madrid. Later I wondered whether these signs, which are found on almost every paved road in Spain, hadn't helped to encourage Franco's officers. They had driven forward week after week, along highway after highway, until at last they had reached the milestone on the Estremadura Road that read "To Madrid—1 kilometer." There, in sight of the Royal Palace, they had been stopped in their tracks.

When we reached Gerona, forty miles south of the border, we got our first glimpse of what the war means to cities behind the lines. Every shop window along the principal street was criss-crossed with strips of paper to keep it from cracking when airplane bombs exploded in the town. We stopped at a filling station, where by dint of smiling and looking helpless we managed to get twenty liters of gasoline in spite of all official regulations. The filling-station attendant told us that there had been an airplane raid two nights before. There are textile mills in Gerona, and perhaps they might be regarded as a military objective, but the bombs had not fallen anywhere near the mills. Instead they had fallen in a residential quarter, killing six people, all civilians. Two others were dying in the hospital.

A few miles farther south we passed through a fishing village of absolutely no military importance. It was half in ruins after a bombardment from the sea. Another village had been hit by two heavy bombs. And the story went on and on. The day after we passed through Tarragona it was shelled by the cruiser "Canarias." Two days after we passed through Castellon de la Plana it suffered from an air raid. And so far as we could learn, not a single one of these bombardments from sea or sky had produced any results that even faintly affected the republican armies, except to make them fight harder. All the victims were civilians; most of them were women and babies. It was a new kind of warfare, without reason, without honor, a blind malice like that of an idiot boy who has stolen his father's rifle.

Dick told me that when his uncle, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, went to Spain last year, his car was stopped forty-six times between the border and Barcelona. Always it was by local committees of the CNT (the big syndicalist labor union) or the FAI (the Iberian Anarchist Federation). Dick and I were stopped twice, both times by courteous and fairly efficient men in dark blue uniforms who Dick said were Assault Guards, in the service of the central government. Almost all the Anarchist posters had disappeared from the walls.

We got into Barcelona at dusk. Over the tops of low houses we could see factory chimneys smoking against a greenish sky. I was looking for omens and here was a good one: the city was working into the night. But there were too many able-bodied young men in the streets. Big autobuses painted red and black lurched noisily past us, driven too fast and with too rich a mixture of gasoline, so that black clouds poured out of their exhaust pipes. The principal squares were full of shiny new Chevrolet taxicabs, again painted red and black. I wondered whether they couldn't be turned over to the army.

At the big, comfortable, half-empty hotel on a side street, they warned us to take everything out of the car, even the tools—and we mustn't forget the spare tire. Once the car was in the garage, they couldn't tell what would be stolen. We worked through the hot Mediterranean twilight, carrying suitcases and boxes of provisions and tins of gasoline. I felt that I wouldn't like this city.

But Barcelona was better in the late evening. The dinner—a very good one—was served at half-past nine by waiters unshaven in their dinner jackets and without ties or collars. Afterwards we sat in a café that was crowded to the very edge of the sidewalk. A sign requested the clients, "on account of unusual circumstances," to pay for drinks as soon as they got them. The "unusual circumstances" were of course air raids, which made it possible for the

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clients to disappear without settling their scores. Outside the streets were unlighted, but a great coatless crowd flowed unceasingly up and down the Ramblas, talking in low voices, flirting a little, but chiefly held together by the sense of being among human beings in their massed thousands.

We spent part of the next day waiting to see an official of the Propaganda Ministry, to whom both of us had letters, and part of it simply wandering about the city. The official was out of his office in the morning; there was another Catalonian cabinet crisis and President Companys had called him into consultation. Wouldn't we come back at five o'clock?

We walked downtown toward the Ramblas and found that in the bright Mediterranean sunlight they were a curious mixture of animation and desolation. The cafés were crowded again; the newsstands were selling the papers and magazines of all the democratic nations, including Hollywood. Peddlers and bootblacks besieged us as soon as we sat down under the trees. The big market, with its entrance thirty yards away on a side street, was full of vegetables and fruit and fowl and fish—everything in quality and profusion except butcher's meat, and even of that there was no real lack. But back in the Ramblas, at least a third of the shops were closed, their windows smashed or boarded up.

We passed the headquarters of POUM, the Left Communist organization more or less allied with the Trotskyists, and saw half a dozen blue-capped Assault Guards standing watch at the door. Inside there was a great heap of broken plaster and anti-government pamphlets. We strolled eastward toward the port. Here, at the lower end of the Ramblas, most of the buildings were pitted by machine-gun fire; I remember one shop window perforated in an almost regular pattern like the top of a pepper-box.

After lunch we met a group of foreign journalists —French, Scandinavian, German, Swiss—in one of the big cafés. They were very cordial to us and I disliked them immediately. Journalists everywhere learn to assume a protective armor of cynicism, but here in Barcelona it was thicker than usual, too thick for common sense to pierce it. Moreover, the cynicism was mixed with an almost sinister type of revolutionary dilettantism. One of them was saying that he didn't intend to go to Madrid—"Madrid is too orderly; it is entirely devoted to winning the war. But here in Barcelona you can always be sure of trouble. It is"—raising his hand in the one gesture of enthusiasm that he allowed himself—"it is *formidable, épatant.*" Another journalist advised me to see the villages behind the Aragon front, which at that time were being ruled by Catalonian Anarchists. "They try all sorts of experiments," he said. "I was in one village where they had abolished money. In another, they had divided their possessions equally and spoke of returning to the Golden Age. It is all quite crazy and I love it."

Thereupon he offered to change our French money into pesetas and cheated us on the transaction.

I left Barcelona next morning in a mood of black depression. The official of the Propaganda Ministry —when we finally saw him, not at five o'clock but at half-past six—had proved to be a model of good sense and political acumen. He had explained the situation in Catalonia—the struggle between the UGT and the CNT, that is, between the socialist and the syndicalist labor unions; the influence of the Anarchists on the second of these groups; the split among the Anarchists themselves, so that many of them were working hard to win the war, becoming government officials, lieutenant colonels and even policemen, whereas others were fighting Premier Negrin harder than they were fighting General Franco; the complete discrediting of POUM, even with its Anarchist allies, when it assumed responsibility for the very unpopular uprising in May; and finally the successful efforts of the government to create a new order and discipline. But there was a good deal that he did not have to explain, because the facts spoke for themselves, and they were not pleasant.

Here was Catalonia, the largest and almost the only modern industrial district in the Spanish peninsula. Here were manpower and waterpower, factories and mills and rich irrigated fields. Here was the great source of soldiers and supplies for republican Spain, and part of them, indeed, were reaching the front. The Catalonians had an army of a hundred thousand men in Aragon; they had sent many thousands of volunteers to Madrid; they were making shells and assembling trucks and airplanes and shipping part of their abundant foodstuffs into the interior—but still they were not doing enough. Their young men stood in long queues in front of the tobacco shops, waiting to buy a pack of cigarettes. Their factories, some of them, were working only forty hours a week on war orders. Last spring they had exported half their crop of delicious new potatoes to England, at a time when Madrid had no potatoes new or old, nor food enough of any sort. And they could not settle their internal quarrels without dragging machine guns into the streets. The best one could say was that things were steadily improving, that the UGT and the CNT were beginning to coöperate, that the nearly inactive army on the Aragon front had been taken over by the central government, and reëquipped with rifles and armored cars seized from the Anarchists, and was now getting ready to attack. . . .

I mentioned some of my doubts to Dick Mowrer. "Wait until you get to Valencia," he said. "That begins to make sense. And Madrid—well, it's marvelous. There's nothing in the world like Madrid."

MALCOLM COWLEY.

These notes are the first of a series on the Spanish war. The second instalment will appear in next week's issue.—THE EDITORS.

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Psychology and Revolution

IF ONE were asked to name the two thinkers who have had the most influence on ideas and institutions in the time of persons now living, the answer would almost certainly be Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud. However critical one may be of the theory of either, it must be admitted that their conceptions have become an indispensable part of the apparatus of thought. Many of their word-labels live daily in the language of persons who are unconscious of the derivation of the phrases in question and never have understood fully what the authors meant by them. What should we do without "capitalism" or "complex"?

Yet there is an apparent antagonism between the groups which follow these two seminal thinkers. The common assumption is that one is concerned wholly with substantial forces in the external world, the other solely with things inside the mind. Marxists are likely to believe that all historical events arise from material causes, that history determines environment and that environment determines personality, ideas and emotions. The only necessity for human happiness is a social revolution resulting in a classless society. Lay followers of Freud are likely to think that the main human disorders are within individual personalities, and that the task of progress is to adjust persons to their environment rather than the contrary. Both views are inadequate interpretations of the authorities from which they are derived; nevertheless this tendency may be observed in the vulgarizations of the two bodies of doctrine.

Without any more careful examination of these errors, marked parallelisms may be observed between the two men. Both are thorough moderns, rejecting mysticism, religion and philosophical idealism, and beginning anew with a scientific and objective approach to their respective fields of knowledge. Both are revolutionary in their innovations, in their challenge to traditional categories of thought. Both have a dynamic conception of living problems, dealing with forces, conflicts and processes rather than with passive states. The conclusions of both arouse an emotional resistance among persons who dislike to break through the crust of social custom; neither is quite respectable. In spite of their scientific pretensions, the scientific character of their thought has been questioned; it is said of both that they really are more intuitive than concerned with evidential proof. Both have suffered at the hands of their professed followers. And finally—though this similarity is probably without intrinsic significance—the doctrines of both are denounced as products of Jewish character and culture.

It is, on the face of it, unlikely that two minds with so many similarities of background and influence could be totally antagonistic or without meaning for each other. There is no more reason for regarding them as opposites because one approaches the human problem through society and the other through the individual than to think that the astronomer and the physicist can have nothing in common because one deals with the celestial universe and the other with electrons. Certainly a doctrine of society which has no conception of what the individual personality is like and what influences its behavior, and a doctrine concerning individuals which does not reckon with the impingement of social forces upon them, must both be futile. If Marx and Freud have anything valid to say at all, they should be supplementary and mutually corroborative.

An inquiry into this field has just been made by Reuben Osborn, under the title "Freud and Marx."[1] It is a short and elementary book, reviewing the two doctrines to see whether and how they fit together. Experts may find the summaries inadequate and will doubtless be able to pick technical flaws, but in the main the book constitutes one of the best brief presentations of the subject matter of psychoanalysis and Marxism for popular consumption that exists. If the treatment is oversimplified and if the author accepts his authorities too uncritically, that is a virtue in a pioneering effort of this kind. For first of all we must recognize the broad outlines of the possible liaison between the two doctrines if refinements or correction are to have any point. Let us see, then, how the author develops his subject.

1. The Freudian Psychological Theory

The basic discovery of Freud concerns the structure of the personality. He found that there is a large and important part of us of which we are ordinarily unconscious. His theory, in its fuller development, identified three aspects of the mind. One, which lies below the surface of consciousness, but is not all of the "unconscious," he called the "id." This is a reservoir of life energy and emotional drives which demand satisfaction, and which constantly influence thought and conduct. The id is irrational; it does not reckon with objective reality. It is amoral, not being affected by conceptions of right and wrong. The unconscious is a sort of receptacle for emotional experiences which are so unpleasant that we repress or "forget" them—many such experiences being deposited there in early childhood. That such "forgotten" experiences do not really disappear, but continue to exist and influence us in an irrational manner is revealed by the psychoanalytic technique, which enables people to remember things that they never suspected were in their

[1] Freud and Marx, by Reuben Osborn. New York: Equinox Coöperative Press. 285 pages. $2.50.

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minds, by casual slips or errors, by esthetic creation, and by dreams. We have an emotional resistance to remembering this repressed material.

Whereas the id is a sort of infant within us and is, like a young child, totally incapable of dealing with reality except in the most primitive patterns of response, the ego is that aspect of the mind which does come in contact with the outside world and adjusts to it—in other words, it is the part of us which grows up. The ego is mainly, but not wholly, conscious, rational, and cognizant of objective reality. It strives to express the demands of the id, insofar as these demands are compatible with the environment and with each other. It suppresses the demands of the id when it has to. It is a sort of organizer of the personality. In relation to the id, it is like a rider on a horse, the horse providing the locomotion, the rider exerting the guidance and control. Unfortunately many of us are poor riders, and sometimes the horse runs away with us—or balks and won't go at all.

Finally there is an aspect of the mind called the super-ego—and this is particularly important for the present inquiry. In our early years the ego is not well developed, and would not of its own accord deal with the id competently enough to enable us to exist in human society. Parental or other authority comes into play here to make us repress impulses or emotions. Children come to identify a portion of themselves with their parents, and often try to act as their parents would like to have them, either through fear of punishment or desire for approbation. This part of the mind, which acts in place of the parent, is not conscience in the sense of a rational self-organization of behavior; it rather expresses a need to obey something which seems outside and above ourselves, something which has arbitrary authority. As the ego grows, the super-ego normally becomes less strong, but in many people the super-ego continues to be dominant in adult life. In such people something else takes the place in the mind formerly occupied by the father or mother. They render irrational obedience to religion, or to the state, or to leaders or employers, or to social taboos. The ego, caught between the irrational drives of the id and the irrational commands of the super-ego, sometimes has a difficult time of it. At the bidding of the super-ego it will seek to repress emotional drives of the id that normally might find expression; at the bidding of the id it will strive to outwit the super-ego by expressing these drives in disguised forms. If the conflicting pressures become too strong it may retreat from reality and surrender its organizing function. Then we have a markedly abnormal personality to deal with.

The process of psychoanalysis through the interpretation of dreams and free association is too well understood superficially to need much elaboration. By these means the patient uncovers things that have been hidden in his unconscious. During the analysis he may, while bringing repressed material to light, discharge emotional pressures which have been bothering him as long as he did not recognize their existence, but which his ego is competent to deal with as soon as he sees them for what they are. It is the purpose of the analysis to release from the unconscious repressed material that is active in a troublesome way, so that it can be intelligently dealt with, and to enhance the skill of the ego in dealing with it. An analysis is like a course of riding lessons, in which the rider comes to know his horse better and to be more prepared for what it may try to do. Its usefulness, however, is limited to certain types of cases; it is difficult and long-drawn-out and expensive. If we had to depend on the psychoanalysis of any large proportion of the population for a solution of our social problems, the outlook would be hopeless. If it were to be used as a general prophylactic, just as one inoculates healthy children against diphtheria, we should be obliged to create first, in Freud's own words, "an entirely different structure of society." Thus psychoanalysis is far from being a panacea; its usefulness is limited in many ways, but especially by the social environment.

Mr. Osborn answers the objection that Freud can teach us little because his theory is based on study of the abnormal, by the truism that there is no sharp dividing line between normal and abnormal persons, and the most normal of us have abnormal quirks or tendencies. He goes on to illustrate by abnormal cases that have characteristics we can all recognize. There is the soldier whose id wants him to run away and whose super-ego sends him into battle; the conflict becomes intolerable, is repressed, and expresses itself in a hysterical blindness which keeps him safe from the enemy in a way that satisfies his sense of duty. There is the person who finds his escape from a repressed conflict through a compulsion neurosis, which compels him to arrange things, or count or touch them, or constantly wash his hands, in order to gain a sense of security. Compulsions may be more disguised, as in misers or extravagant persons, or those who can do little but work. There is the paranoiac, who is being persecuted by his own repressed impulses, but externalizes his fear in an irrational belief that others are conspiring against him. There is the schizophrenic, who escapes from an intolerable repressed conflict by creating a dream-world which he believes is real, and thus withdraws from successful attempts to deal with reality. The difference in such things between normal persons with relatively harmless quirks, the neurotic in whom the symptoms are more serious, and the hopeless psychotic, is one of degree fully as much as of kind.

The devices by which people deal with emotional difficulties in an irrational way are many; the most common of them are roughly classified as follows. *Reaction-formation* is the development of conscious attitudes which are the reverse of repressed impulses: example, prudery, as a reaction against licentiousness in oneself. *Projection* is escape from repressed conflict by attributing our emotional drives to the external world; we sometimes think

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circumstances or persons force us to do things that in reality we do because of our own emotional needs. *Sublimation* is the expression of a repressed impulse in a more approved manner, as in the satisfaction of sexual drives by esthetic creation. (Sublimation is not necessarily undesirable; it has a distinct social as well as individual usefulness.) *Rationalization* is the finding of false reasons or excuses for acts which really are derived from emotional necessity. It is a dangerous trait, since it sets up a barrier against understanding and reasonable persuasion.

Finally, there is Freud's conception of the instinctual life with which the human being begins, the development through which it normally proceeds in adjustment with the environment, and the mishaps that may befall it on the way. This is the most controversial of all his views, when considered in detail, though its rough outlines are clear enough. The principal life force is an outgoing one, variously called eros, libido or love. Sex is included in it, but it is far from sexual in many of its manifestations. The child first loves itself, then its parents—and in this period arises the famous Oedipus complex. Then it begins to find other objects of love and attention in the external world. There follows a period of latency, in which early emotional experiences tend to be repressed, and the ego becomes differentiated from the id and adjusts to reality. In adolescence, sex life of the ordinary kind becomes conscious and determining. But its development, with that of the whole personality, may be warped by the earlier experiences. The child may not be sufficiently free of the Oedipus complex. He may have a fixation on father or mother. Unpleasant experiences then or in later life may cause him to "regress" to an earlier emotional state which he finds more satisfactory. Thus numerous abnormal character traits have their origin. All abnormalities are based upon infantile characteristics not sufficiently outgrown, all represent a retreat from reality. The adult life of the normal person becomes an adaptation of early drives to a wider circle of meaning, an effective expression of instinct in relation to reality. The adult life of the abnormal constitutes a repetition of attitudes appropriate only to children. The abnormal person struggles to relive the past. This may, as Mr. Osborn observes, throw a light on the nature of irrational conservatism.

II. The Marxian Social Theory

It will be seen that Freud lays great stress on "external reality"—the objective world to which the personality must be adjusted by the ego in order to remain healthy. It is this external world and its historical development with which Marxian theory principally deals. Both Freud and Marx mean by it not merely natural environment but a changing set of institutions created by man himself. Obviously it is necessary to understand the nature of human society as well as the processes by which the individual adjusts to it, if we are to know how they interact on one another and are to make use of the knowledge.

Engels speculated on the necessity for coöperation in production which arose in primitive society, and recognized that this was opposed to the sexual rivalry and mutual hostility which one would expect in primitive man. He connected the formation of social groups which alleviated rivalry with the practice of exogamy, or marriage outside the tribe, observed by anthropologists, and with the substitution, in part, of work for sexual drives. Freud, in an elaborate speculation, developed a psychological theory which accounted for exogamy and the individual adaption to coöperative social groups (Totem and Taboo). He also showed how sexual drives may be sublimated in work. We need not examine this theory for our present purpose, except to note that it parallels Engels' social theory of primitive society in the psychological sphere.

Marx and Engels went on to develop the materialist conception of history. This now familiar doctrine set forth the following main ideas. Man, in his struggle to derive sustenance from his environment, develops new instruments and modes of production. The character of the productive process determines men's relationship to each other; thus hunting is associated with one kind of social organization, agriculture with another, manufacture with a third. The prevailing social organization gives rise to ideas of what is right and proper, to laws and philosophies which in turn tend to hold together and preserve existing institutions.

As the mode of production becomes more elaborate and efficient, economic classes arise, because there is a division of labor, because there is a surplus of product to divide, and because those in the more strategic positions get more of the product. The ruling class naturally strives to perpetuate this happy state of affairs. They try to maintain the existing mode of production and the ideas and institutions appropriate to it. The subject class or classes accept the situation gladly enough so long as the existing mode of production is in an expanding stage of development and can produce increasing satisfactions.

But new forces of production are provided by man's ingenuity, and for the efficient use of these forces new social relationships, new conditions are necessary. Thus factory production and the commercial system which went with it, introduced by business men, traders and capitalists while the feudal system was still the accepted social form, could not operate well under the restrictions of feudal society. When such a situation arises, a conflict develops between the old ruling classes and those who would benefit by the installation of a different organization of human relationships, under which the new forces can operate more efficiently. It is under such circumstances that social revolution occurs. The old ruling class may be superseded and the new system of relationships may become dominant. The class struggle is therefore an important part of the dynamics of social change.

Modern capitalism, with its development of

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large-scale operation, worldwide markets and extreme division of labor, has socialized the actual processes of production, so that it cannot go on efficiently for any length of time without coöperation of widely scattered members of society and without planning on a large scale. But production is still carried on under a social organization which is appropriate only to small-size industry and restricted markets—that is, the private ownership of the means of production which is essentially competitive and obstructs coöperation and planning. As a result of this limitation, severe crises come, in which production breaks down. Capitalists must feed the workers instead of the contrary. Capitalism is in a stage of contraction. At the same time modern capitalism has intensified the contrast between the class of owners and the class of workers, by reducing the relative size of the one class and increasing that of the other, and by concentrating wealth among the owners. Therefore we can expect an intensification of the class conflict, during which the workers may depose the capitalist ruling class and establish a socialized form of property relationships which will correspond with the nature of the new forces of production and will be able to operate them with more social efficiency.

To this general conception Marxism adds that the revolutionary process is not an automatic one, that a successful revolution even under the appropriate circumstances is not inevitable, and that the task of bringing one about is that of a political party which will provide effective leadership for the struggles of the workers because it understands what is going on and the outcome that is necessary if the issue is to be fortunate for the masses.

III. Fitting the Two Theories

Marxism is often criticized on the ground that it accounts for everything in materialistic terms; but Marx and Engels themselves were careful to correct this error. Individual personality and the realm of ideas, they said, both have an important part to play. "The economic situation is the basis," wrote Engels, "but the various elements of the superstructure—political forms of the class struggle and its consequences—the reflexes of all these actual struggles in the brains of the combatants; political, legal, philosophical theories, religious ideas . . . also exercise their influence upon the course of the historical struggles, and in many cases preponderate in determining their forms." Marx wrote in criticism of the doctrine that men are the helpless pawns of circumstances and upbringing. This doctrine "forgets that circumstances are changed precisely by men and the educator must himself be educated." This observation is particularly applicable to a revolutionary period. Then "man makes his own history" in a more nearly complete sense than when the material conditions favoring revolution are in process of being built up. We drift for a while without exerting much effort consciously to determine our course, and then in time of crisis make conscious decisions and act energetically. The laws of man's social activity, which heretofore he has accepted as external laws of nature, will in the critical period, writes Engels, "be applied by man with complete understanding, and hence will be dominated by man." Thus man becomes free.

How and why do men act in this way? Already the analogy with Freud is apparent. He is concerned with the freeing of man by the development of a conscious, rational ego, an organized personality competent to deal with reality. The ego mediates between the drives of the id and the conditions presented by the external situation. If the ego is well developed and healthy, it expresses the instinctual demands as far as possible in terms of the objective world. Some impulses must of course be repressed, but the task of the ego is easier when most of them can in some form be safely expressed. Thus the ego affects the external world as well as mastering the id; it strives to find or create a situation in which healthy expression is possible. When the social environment is such that men cannot satisfy their normal instincts, when it is too difficult a struggle to eat or love or acquire prestige, then the pressure of the id on the ego is strong to bring about external change. The penalty for not doing so is self-destruction—destruction either of life itself or of the human personality, through repression and withdrawal from reality.

So much is easy to understand, but what has baffled many is why men are reluctant to act in a rational manner. Why, when social change is necessary, when external institutions are outworn, are men so often hesitant to see the truth and act upon it? Wherein lies the hold of stifling tradition upon the human mind? Marxists are wont to attribute this social lag to the self-interest of the ruling class, to their control of press and propaganda and their deliberate effort to distort the facts. But this influence would scarcely be so strong if there were not some psychological trend to reinforce it. The workers themselves are sometimes slow to see and act upon a rational explanation of affairs. Nothing is more commonplace in social theory than that men are often reluctant to understand where their self-interest lies, and resistant to acting upon the understanding if it is presented to them.

This observation is also a commonplace in Freudian theory, and Freud has provided the psychological explanation. That part of ourselves which in childhood we have identified with our parents represents arbitrary and irrational authority. If it remains strong in later years, we replace the father or mother in our minds with other authorities and especially with the authority of the state and of social custom. (In a monarchy it may be personalized in the King or Tsar; in a democracy it may be the Supreme Court.) Those with strong super-egos are extremely conservative about opposing any person or institution that serves them as a father-image or a mother-image, or to change any custom

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or environment that has become associated with that image. This is true no matter what good reasons exist for opposition or change, and no matter how much the obedience costs.

It is also true, however, that children on occasion reject and destroy the authority of the father. They are likely to be ambivalent about him—that is, to love and hate him at the same time. One of the basic myths that runs all through anthropology and religion is that concerning the sons who band together and kill the father. Thus conservatism derived from the super-ego may suddenly and almost without rational explanation give way to violent revolt against authority.

One of the most necessary tasks of the physician in dealing with a neurotic is to diminish the irrational authority of the super-ego over the ego. It is at the command of the super-ego that the ego represses conflicts instead of working them out in terms of reality and by the use of intelligence. The super-ego injures the ability of the personality either to adjust to external conditions or to change them. This is just another way of saying that in order to be normal we have to grow up into responsible adults who are not terrified or seduced by irrational authority, but who know what we are about.

Mr. Osborn draws the obvious parallel here with the class struggle. Authority, the capitalist state and conservative tradition are the social super-ego; the struggle against them when they maintain a social order which is incapable of satisfying instinctual demands is like the individual struggle of the ego against the super-ego in behalf of the emotional drives of the id. This struggle may be resolved, he believes, by a revolution which abolishes the social super-ego and enables man to be master of himself and to create a rational society. Thus revolution is a therapeutic measure, and psychoanalysts should be partisans of the class-conscious workers.

IV. Philosophical Parallels

The parallelism between Freud and Marx in their attitude toward religion is obvious. Marx and Engels accounted for the rise of religion by the existence of forces in the external world which man could not understand or deal with—first natural forces, then social forces. Man naturally personifies these external forces and tries to propitiate them. He furthermore derives consolation from an imaginary future state of happiness which he can achieve if he obeys religious dictates. But religion disappears as man learns to understand his environment and to control it. At least it ought to do so; if it does not, it becomes a barrier to the growth of mankind. Marx wrote that religion "is the sigh of a heavy-laden creature, the heart of a heartless world, just as it is the spirit of spiritless conditions. It is the opium of the people. The abolition of religion as the illusory happiness of the people is a prerequisite for the attainment of real happiness of the people."

With Freud, religion is, in the main, a special and particularly forceful form of the super-ego. This is betrayed by the common conception of God as a father (or mother). To him people attribute all the power, lovingkindness or vengefulness that the child imagines the real father to have. Especially we attribute to him the creation of the universe, just as the father creates the child. The consolations of religion are a regression to the need for protection by the parents. Religion is a kind of neurosis through which man passes in the course of his evolution. Freud wrote: "Its doctrines carry with them the stamp of the times in which they originated, the ignorant childhood days of the human race. Its consolations deserve no trust. Experience teaches us that the world is not a nursery."

Though Freud rejects the claim to any general philosophy, and regards himself as a scientist, many of his ideas are strikingly parallel with the Marxian conception of dialectical materialism. The world, according to Marx, is not static, it develops and changes. It develops, moreover, not merely by the gradual accretion of quantitative alterations, but by sudden qualitative transformations when quantitative changes have gone far enough. The process of change is dialectic by nature. That is, it occurs through a conflict between opposites, a struggle which is eventually resolved by a new synthesis. The synthesis includes both the former opposites, but on a higher level; development has a sort of spiral course.

The more important Freudian conceptions are immediately recognized by the Marxian as dialectic in nature. Thus, there is the original conflict between the id and the external world, out of which the ego develops as a synthesizing agent. There is the conception of conflict within the personality as a disturbing factor, but also as a stimulus to growth and adaptation. If we were never uncomfortable, according to Freud, we should never do anything but vegetate. Ambivalence in relation to the father is an instance of opposites working in the same emotional relationship. Reaction formation is a dialectical process; beneath the strong conscious expression of a certain attitude the analyst may suspect the existence of its opposite in the unconscious; treatment demands the bringing of this conflict into consciousness and its resolution within the conscious ego. Freud's whole view of the mind is dynamic; growth of the personality is a developmental process in which the accretion of quantitative change sometimes yields suddenly to qualitative transformation. And just as Marx regards the external world as a unit in which everything is in some way, however indirectly, related to everything else, so Freud looks for hidden relationships throughout the whole texture of the personality.

V. Application

Mr. Osborn finally asks what practical use the Marxist may make of the knowledge that Freud offers him. And he answers that if the task of a

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revolutionary party is to lead the masses, the best psychological knowledge available must be employed in order to make leadership effective. Nobody but a pedant would nowadays assert that successful political action is merely a matter of logical persuasion. Good revolutionary leadership may be lacking even when the objective situation is ripe for the victory of the working class, as is indicated by the temporary ascendancy of the Nazis in Germany. Marxists, says Mr. Osborn, echoing Lenin, must learn to use the effective tactics of their enemies. If Marxists employ methods similar to those of fascists, that does not mean that they will achieve the same evil results, since they have a different and better knowledge of what to do about objective institutions.

The emotional force in people that makes them follow a leader, says Mr. Osborn, is the need for a father-image. They like to believe that there is someone who can protect them and bring them to a promised land, someone who is in every respect wiser and more powerful than they. This leader is strengthened when he is associated with all the traditions and moralities which make up the super-ego. He is supposed to be a reincarnation of national heroes, an embodiment of the history of the tribe, in extreme cases even a sort of god. Fascism has exploited this tendency to the limit. The fascist leader is the most primitive type of father, combining protectiveness and arbitrary authority in a single person. Of course the primitive attitude of the child toward the father is an ambivalent one, including both love and hate. But fascism, like early religions, avoids danger from the hate, at least temporarily, by diverting it against alien gods—that is, evil deities. All those outside the tribe are enemies, and particularly Jews and Marxists. The hate may be wreaked on these personified devils, while the love elevates the tribal divinity. War is invited for the same reason. Woe to the primitive father, however, if his leadership fails in an unmistakable and dramatic way! Then the hate returns toward him with a rush; the sons will have no pity.

Mr. Osborn does not answer the question how far Marxists should go in imitating this kind of strategy, but he believes at least that they should build up the prestige of personal leaders by publicity and idealization, and that these leaders should be associated with heroes of the past, or even with national traditions. He cites as examples the adulation of Lenin and Stalin.

Psychoanalysis may also be useful for Marxists in selecting leaders, in judging people and in dealing with individuals. Revolutionists are no more exempt from irrational drives than people in general. Many a person has embraced Marxism, not because he has an adult understanding of its validity, but because he has an emotional need to revolt, derived from some instability of his own personality, which he masks and rationalizes in this way. But a person who is controlled by irrational drives is not well fitted to coöperate with others; he is extremely unreliable. He is likely to revolt also against his own associates. Good revolutionists, if Freud and Marx are right, ought to be people with well developed personalities, having their unconscious mechanisms well in hand, capable of rational dealing with reality and not governed by irrational super-egos.

One who understands Freud should have superior tact in dealing with others—and especially with those who disagree with him. He will not accuse every opponent of insincerity or antagonize people unnecessarily. He will not suspect plots in every shadow. He will, in other words, be better capable of converting people, and of maintaining a "united front," for limited objectives, with those who do not agree with him on every point.

VI. The Main Criticism

Mr. Osborn's book is worth careful study; it is one of those rare volumes that has a special importance, regardless of other merits or demerits, because it occupies a strategic position in thought and opens the way to new territory. The questions it raises or implies must have great interest not only to Freudians or Marxists, but to thinking persons who accept neither doctrine. For both are surely suggestive of enough insights so that they throw light upon human behavior, regardless of mistakes that they may embody.

If one accepts Mr. Osborn's assumption that the two doctrines are valid, are his conclusions correct? It seems to me that while in the main they are, he has made one major error. According to both Freud and Marx, it is desirable for mankind to deal with reality, and essential to doing so is diminution of the power of irrational authority. How is this end to be served? The author concludes that in both individual and social realms the goal is to be won by a violent revolt against existing authority when that fails to satisfy instinctual needs. But, according to Freud, violent, irrational revolt against the father does not abolish the super-ego; it actually strengthens it in the long run. After the sudden explosion of hate, which temporarily obscures the love felt for the father, the sons in the primitive myth suffer pangs of guilt and recreate the murdered father in terms of a father-image. The father dead exerts as much irrational authority as the father living. One kind of authority may be substituted for another, but no real freedom is gained.

Likewise Mr. Osborn concludes that it is well to further social revolution by exploiting the tendency of individuals to follow the kind of leadership provided by a father-image. But such leadership, as fascism demonstrates, may strengthen the irrational element rather than weakening it, and thus decrease the ability of men to act in their own behalf. By its very nature it is a degenerative and regressive influence rather than a therapeutic one. There is a confusion here that needs to be unraveled.

It is necessary to examine a little more closely what Freud means by the super-ego, and what he

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believes ought to be done about it. The super-ego is not external power, or the state, or anything in the world of objective institutions. These things exist in the realm of reality, and as such must be reckoned with by rational persons. The super-ego, as a survival of parental authority, is rather the part of the individual mind which sets up irrational government over the rest of the personality. To the individual involved, this authority *seems* external, but really it is a projection of his own emotional need. To diminish the baneful effects of the super-ego it is desirable primarily to weaken not the external authoritative forces but the irrational internal ones. It is necessary to strengthen the ego, so that a person may act as the rational, adult part of him thinks he ought to act rather than as the part of his mind which serves as a substitute father decrees.

The judgments of the individual and of external authority may conceivably coincide. If they do not, a rational individual may find it advisable to obey because there is no good alternative under the circumstances. Of course he will do his best to substitute his idea of how things ought to be managed for that of external authority whenever the need exists. A person who can deal with his own super-ego is less subject to exploitation by irrational dictators or by outworn traditions. He is more effective in anything he may do. He may even resort to violent revolt. But his action is different from that motivated merely by the explosion of hate for the father, and it is taken on a different basis from that which involves following of revolutionary leaders who have achieved their power merely by becoming effective father-images.

It may be objected that not enough people have sufficiently adult personalities so that much is to be hoped for in social action from rational behavior. If more of us were grown up, the hope for social change before things get so bad that a violent revolution is called for would be brighter than it seems to be. Under existing circumstances, the leaders who do invoke the more primitive responses may cut the ground from under those who do not. Mr. Osborn might argue that, in order to forestall fascism, it is necessary for Marxists to exploit the childish tendencies of people to the end that more efficient social institutions can be created. The new society itself, by providing larger scope for instinctual satisfactions, will furnish an environment in which it is easier for people to develop. In it, irrational authority may gradually disappear. It may also foster educational methods which will favor the growth of competent personalities. In short, it might be contended that the psychological freeing of mankind in the mass cannot precede the social revolution, but will follow it.

All this may be true. Nevertheless there is a danger that such a new society would merely substitute new father-images for old ones. In that case, its value would be strictly limited to whatever temporary improvement it might make in material circumstances. After its traditions had become hardened and unadaptable to new circumstances, it would in turn be oppressive. The Marxist aspiration to make man free and able to control his social as well as his physical environment will not be realized as long as people are moved perceptibly by blind loyalty to leaders and doctrines, or are governed through a combination of fear of punishment and desire for approbation by paternal authorities. The greatest and most difficult responsibility of revolutionary leaders is not merely to create a society that is rational in conception and framework, but one which evokes the greatest possible degree of intelligent and responsible coöperation on the part of each individual composing it.

Important questions arise, moreover, not only for revolutionaries but for all progressives. What kind of leadership is there that is at once effective in gaining a following and does not injure the followers? What can be done to improve the psychological average before a revolutionary crisis arises? How much can we hope, for instance, from better understanding by parents, or from the development of a different type of family and of different environment for the young? For in the end, no rationally conceived society or institution will stay rational if it has to be operated by emotionally unstable people. Nor will any society develop the skill necessary to control the complexities of modern civilization unless the will and the reason are really free.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Man Who Moved the River

I

THIS MAN was no Paul Bunyan, no giant in seven-league boots. He was a little man in blue dungarees, about five feet five inches tall, and his scarlet rubber boots were size six. His face was brick red, and his hair was snow white. He had the alert movements of a small boy, and there was just the hint of an elfin quality about him. His name was Ed Bilby.

Ed was sixty-one years old two years ago when the maximum age for underground miners was fixed at forty-five. At the time he was working north of Sonora, California, a mile below the surface of the earth, in the deepest gold mine in the world. He was thus thrown out of a job, and he was broke. He had been a hard-rock miner since 1899.

He declined a job on the surface, and he laughed aside all suggestions of social security. Instead, he gathered up his tools and his few personal belongings, including a small coffee-mill and a cat, and moved up on the Stanislaus River, around the four-thousand-foot elevation.

At this point in the lower mountain the Stanislaus is a blue-gray torrent which pours down out of the High Sierra in a mad dash to the San Joaquin Valley. Beside the river, now on one side, now on the other, like a broad white highway, lies the dry, hard-

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packed gravel bed which marks a former channel of the stream.

Ed arrived in early October, just ahead of the first snows. That winter he and his cat lived in a cave. On account of bad weather and ice and snow the gold pickings were very lean. Ed spent most of his time cutting down pine trees, and sawing them into logs. He and his cat lived almost entirely on bread, fish and coffee. Ed caught the fish in the river, and made bread from seed wheat which he bought at the store up on the highway, grinding the wheat in his coffee-mill.

I saw the cave and the coffee-mill, the sack of seed wheat and the cat.

When spring came Ed cleared a space and built his log cabin. He built a bunk, a stove, two chairs and a table. He made a mattress out of canvas and pine boughs. He planted a little vegetable garden. He began taking out about fifty cents a day in gold. He bought a new axe, a canvas knapsack and a new pair of bright-red rubber boots.

By midsummer Ed Bilby had a large suuply of canned goods on his shelves. Potatoes, tomatoes and onions were growing in his garden. His washing hung on the line. In his refrigerator, a pool in a nearby spring, were eggs, butter, usually a melon and always milk for his cat. He had a small lump of amalgamated gold worth fourteen dollars.

Ed shaved himself every morning with a straight razor. He worked through the day without stopping, eating two meals only, breakfast at sunrise and supper at sunset. He was a religious man, however, and he never worked on Sunday. Instead, he took a walk—six miles up the mountain to the store on the highway, and six miles back, carrying on the return trip a load of provisions. Sunday was his day of rest.

He was always springing something new on me. One night, pointing to a young moon, he asked me how old it was. I said I didn't know, exactly. He got his shaving mirror, placed it just above my eyes, pushed my head back until I could see the moon in the mirror, and asked me how many moons I saw. I saw five—and later when I got back to my tent and looked at the calendar in my notebook I learned that the moon was five days old.

II

It is easy to write about hard labor.

One day Ed Bilby was cutting a trail over the mountains. A dozen gold seekers, including myself, were using that common trail, but only Ed was cutting it. I mentioned this fact to one of the other men and he replied that, yes, Ed was like that.

Another time I saw Ed remove from his path a black boulder the size of two elephants. The boulder rested partly on a strip of bedrock, and partly on dry gravel. Ed was working along the bedrock in the early morning when he came to the boulder. Instead of walking around it, as any other gold seeker would have done, he began digging a sloping pit into the hard gravel beneath it.

All day he worked steadily. From eleven until two it was so hot that most of us had to stop work, but the heat did not seem to bother Ed. His pick rose and fell, rose and fell, biting into the hard gravel. The sweat poured from the little man's face, and rolled down his neck and arms. He shoveled tirelessly, swinging like a pendulum. Around four o'clock, when at last a cool breeze swept down the canyon, he suddenly quit for the day and departed, stepping briskly, almost jauntily, along the hard white gravel in his scarlet boots.

The next day he ascended the hillside and cut timbers which he wedged beneath the boulder. In the afternoon he gathered twigs and limbs and built a fire under the timbers. The flames rose into the air, and I stopped my work to watch. After about ten minutes the bracing timbers fell apart, amid a shower of sparks, and the black boulder rolled ten feet down into the gravel pit.

Ed resumed his search for gold in the strip of bedrock. In less than thirty minutes, however, he had passed over the spot which he had worked two days to uncover.

I concluded then that he was not particularly interested in finding gold. What he was interested in was overcoming obstacles.

I did not change my mind about this even when I saw him take up a whole gravel bed, a section of the old channel of the Stanislaus, and run it through a seventy-foot sluice box. Stones as large as cantaloupes rolled through the long wooden trough, fell into the river, and were carried away as if they were grains of sand. I do not know how many cubic yards of gravel he took up, and I do not care to guess.

III

One day Ed went to work on a big sugar pine. The tree stood on the south bank of the river, about fifty feet west of his cabin, and leaned to the south, away from the river. Ed wanted to throw it north, into the river. He made a deep undercut into the tree, on the north side, and above it, on the south side, he began sawing into the trunk with a cross-cut saw. As he sawed he drove wedges into the cut.

A gold seeker we called Frenchy, a man who was a lumberjack by trade, studied the sugar pine, and shook his head. The wind was usually from the west. It looked to him, he said, as if the tree might fall directly to the east, right on Ed's cabin.

"It won't fall to the east if I get what I want," said Ed. "But it might blow down on me some night."

So he built a bunk fifty yards down the river, and slept there while he continued sawing into the sugar pine. One day he stopped work. The tree was still leaning away from the river. Ed said that he would now wait for a strong south wind to blow.

Early one morning about a week later I heard the big sugar pine fall with a crash. A high wind was blowing from the south. I hurried over the knoll which separated my tent from Ed's cabin. The tree

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lay stretched out—all but a few feet of it in the river.

After the tree fell the river turned it sidewise. Ed made a winch out of an old wagon wheel. He went to an abandoned mine and returned with some rusty half-inch steel cable. He rode the tree into the river, attached one end of the cable to it, and with his home-made winch shifted the pine thirty feet.

Against the fallen tree he built a projecting dam with brush, rocks and clay. As he built it out, he cut a long master-ditch in the dry old channel, and a series of small ditches leading from it. Slowly he led the Stanislaus into his master-ditch, and into the smaller tributary ditches, controlling the water at every step. Gradually the river cut entirely through the gravel bed, and rolled through its old channel, washing out the gravel in its path like a giant steam shovel. The dam was extended and tightened until finally the entire river was shifted from its course.

When he was through, the river was not where it should have been. In front of Ed's cabin it made a diagonal sweep to the left, and now ran, for a distance of several hundred yards, in its old channel. In short, Ed just picked up the Stanislaus River and threw it aside, as one might pick up a garden hose and toss it across the lawn.

The bed which the river had recently vacated was not white, like the dry old channel, but gray, for the sun had not yet bleached the rocks and sand. A number of gold seekers went to work in it at once.

A few days later Ed sold his cabin for eight dollars, and gave away most of his canned goods. He stopped by my tent to tell me goodbye. He said there wasn't much left around there now, and that he was going up on the Feather River.

Ed Bilby had created a home out of nothing, extracted a living from the bare earth, conquered the mountains. He had cut the trail, removed the boulder, taken up the gravel bed, felled the sugar pine, shifted the great tree in the river, and finally, as a crowning achievement, he had moved the Stanislaus River itself. He was right; there was nothing left for him to do, because he had done it all.

He departed up the mountain trail, a tiny figure in scarlet boots, carrying his tools and coffee-mill in a gunny sack, a load of provisions in his knapsack, and his white cat on his shoulder.

MORROW MAYO.

Mountain Field

The grass flows upward in the wind,
The pale grass ripples upward at my feet,
And down below the honey-colored field and down
Below the wind, the valley dim with heat,
Misted with heat, lies like a cloud.

This little lightly blowing field is high,
High as a hawk and as soft blown
Between the upper and the lower sky.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Washington Notes

Wage Rulings Under the Walsh-Healey Act—Southern Workers at the Bottom of the Heap—Oliver and Son

ON JULY 28, Secretary Perkins handed down a group of minimum-wage rulings under the Walsh-Healey act—the act which gives Miss Perkins power to set labor standards for all manufacturers doing business with the federal government. Except for a solitary decision last January, covering the men's clothing industry, these are the first Walsh-Healey rulings to be announced; they give us our first chance to judge the act's effectiveness. Just at the present time, moreover, they possess a special interest, because it is well known that the Walsh-Healey act is Mr. William Green's favorite piece of legislation.

Three weeks ago, when the administration besought Mr. Green's aid for its general wages-and-hours measure, the Black-Norton bill, Mr. Green demanded a pledge from Mr. Roosevelt that nothing in the Black-Norton bill should be permitted to interfere with the working of his beloved Walsh-Healey act. The pledge was given, and an amendment specifically protecting the Walsh-Healey act was added to the Black-Norton bill by the House labor committee. As these Notes are written, the Black-Norton bill is in desperate straits. If it fails to pass at this session, one of the reasons will be the perfunctoriness of the A.F. of L.'s support.

The Black-Norton bill, for which the A.F. of L. has exhibited such obvious distaste, provides for a flat minimum wage of forty cents an hour. It is true it permits the fixing of lower wages in particular circumstances, but forty cents an hour is written firmly into the bill. The Walsh-Healey act, on the other hand, merely provides that the prevailing wage is to be taken as the minimum. The eight rulings so far handed down by Miss Perkins ought to show which of these two formulas offers the greater hope for sweated workers. In one decision, covering the men's hat and cap industry—in which, it should be noted, a strong union exists—Miss Perkins has set a minimum wage of 67.5 cents an hour, or $27 for a forty-hour week. In a second decision, covering men's neckwear, she has set a minimum of fifty cents an hour, or $20 a week. In a third, covering vulcanized, rubberized and cravanetted raincoats, the minimum is to be forty cents an hour, or $16 a week. In the five remaining decisions, the minimums are all less than forty cents an hour. They are: for men's work clothing, 37.5 cents an hour, or $15 a week; for a group of thirteen industries manufacturing special types of work clothes, 37.5 cents an hour, or $15 a week; for seamless hosiery, thirty-five cents an hour, or $14 a week; for men's work gloves, thirty-five cents an hour, or $14 a week; for men's underwear, thirty-five cents an hour, or $14 a week, with a separate rate of 32.5 cents an hour, or $13 a week, for the Southern states.

The men's-underwear ruling is the only one permitting a differential in favor of the South. All eight of the Walsh-Healey rulings, it should be explained, were formulated in the first instance by a special board set up in the Department of Labor, which conducted lengthy hearings and as-

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sembled extensive data. All three members of this board joined in a recommendation against granting a Southern differential. Miss Perkins, however, rejected their recommendation, and in her formal decision held that, under the terms of the Walsh-Healey act, she had no power to refuse a differential where evidence showed the prevailing wage throughout a large, well defined region was substantially lower than the prevailing wage in the rest of the nation.

It is a good thing that the hat-and-cap workers, under the Walsh-Healey act, have a minimum wage of 67.5 cents an hour, and that the men's neckwear workers have fifty cents an hour. But surely it is disheartening to find the federal government putting its approval on a $13-a-week wage for men's underwear workers in the South. Miss Perkins' decision, furthermore, permits a twenty-five-cent-an-hour minimum, or $10 a week, for handicapped and superannuated workers. The writer intends no criticism of Miss Perkins. She acted as she was bound to act under the law. But he does not quite see how Mr. Green justifies his enthusiasm for the Walsh-Healey act. It is entirely possible that the wage board of the Black-Norton bill, when and if it is set up at some future session, will find itself hamstrung by these prior decisions of the Department of Labor. The A.F. of L. may be a useful organization for those who receive relatively high pay, but its leaders do not give a damn for those at the bottom of the heap, particularly the Southern workers.

Recently there have been a number of newspaper stories to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt, blocked and humiliated by the Democratic leadership in Congress, intended to form a political party of his own, based on Labor's Non-Partisan League. These stories may be laid entirely to the August weather. In fact, since the departure of sleek, bullet-headed Senator Berry from its chairmanship, the bond between Labor's Non-Partisan League and the White House has worn very thin. The League is now single-heartedly intent on the immediate political aims of the CIO unions. Primarily this means to elect state and local officials who will uphold the elementary civil liberties of workers on strike. According to report, the League's feeling for Mr. Roosevelt would be greatly increased by some sort of amend for his wisecrack: "A plague o' both your houses," made during the CIO's strike in Little Steel.

The active head of the League is now Mr. E. L. Oliver, tall, rangy, quick-thinking and inordinately hard-working. Still in his thirties, Mr. Oliver has been successively an instructor in the Universities of Minnesota and Pennsylvania, expert attached to the Federal Trade Commission and organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. He led one of the bitterest strikes in the ACW's history at Davenport, Iowa, was framed by the employers and Davenport police and escaped a twenty-year jail term by a provident miracle. For the last eight years, he has been an officer of one of the railway brotherhoods.

Mr. Oliver's first left-wing job was organizing for Townley's Non-Partisan League in Minnesota in 1919. He and the present Representative Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin were hired at the same time, and began organizing together. Those were dreadful times, when all liberals were Bolsheviks and pro-German, and lived under the constant threat of mob violence. One morning, after Oliver returned to his home at Walker, Minn., the front of his father's print shop, where the elder Oliver published the town's weekly newspaper, was smeared over with yellow paint. Leaving the house a few minutes after his father, Oliver could see, down the village street, a crowd of men and boys standing in front of the shop, laughing and jeering. The elder Oliver silently unlocked the door, to reappear with a pail of turpentine, a sponge and a double-barreled shotgun. Calmly he surveyed the mob. "I mean to clean off the front of this building," he announced. "You fellers can stand and watch, but this gun is loaded with buckshot and the first so-and-so that snickers is going to get both barrels in the guts. Now laugh." The elder Oliver died about a year ago, and Oliver is very proud of him.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Young Mr. Cord—Grease Pit to President's Chair —The SEC Files a Complaint—Shivers Up the Directors' Spines

BACK IN the twenties when it was the vogue to build monuments to the living miracle workers who rose from the sidewalks of this and that town to penthouses in Wall Street's financial cathedrals, one of the subjects of adulation was young Mr. Cord—Errett Lobban Cord. He was the salvager and president of an automobile manufacturing corporation at twenty-eight. Now, still young, at forty-three, he is pushed out of his maze of enterprises by the SEC and a federal court for mistaking his numerous enterprises for so many bones in a crap game.

Cord must have a good deal of ability, but it is seemingly the kind of ability we can get along without. He started out, according to the success biographers of the twenties, as the operator of a greasetorium and lavatorium for automobiles in Los Angeles. Later he owned a trucking company in Death Valley and after that he proceeded to shine with a bright light as a salesman in Chicago's automobile row. I do not know the whole heroic story but at twenty-eight he had got hold of the Auburn Automobile Corporation and put it on its feet and become its president.

From this point on he moved with speed appropriate to the age of speed. Somewhere in that brief career outlined above Mr. Cord was an automobile racer and he proceeded to move through the industrial world as if he were still in his racing car. He went into aviation, getting control of the Aviation Corporation. He took to sea for further conquests, gathering the New York Shipbuilding Corporation under his wing and later the Checker Cab.

My first interest in the man, aside from noticing his name in the papers, came when I noticed the speed with which the shares of his Auburn Corporation bounded up and down on the Stock Exchange. A small company then with but 169,000 shares, it was an easy issue to manipulate. Somebody was manipulating it, because in 1929 the price ranged between 514 and 120.

Then at the time of the Senate banking-and-currency committee investigation I learned one of the cute little devices by which Mr. Cord operated. It seemed to me then

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one of the most characteristic features of that strange era. Cord controlled through his holding company a number of corporations. He and some, if not all, of his executives—heads of the various corporations—drew very small salaries. But they had formed a little corporation the purpose of which was to speculate in the stock market in the shares of the Cord companies. Since these were all companies with small stock issues, it was possible to carry on a persistent and regular manipulation of their stocks. This was the way in which the executives were paid for their services in managing their companies.

Recently the SEC filed a complaint alleging that Cord and Mr. Morris Markin, president of the Checker Cab Manufacturing Company, were manipulating the stocks of the Checker Cab Manufacturing Company, the Parmalee Transportation Company and the New York and Chicago Yellow Cab Company, while Cord himself was charged with manipulating the shares of the Auburn Company.

In brief, Cord and Markin acquired 70,000 shares of Checker Cab—to take a single instance—at $7 a share. During the operation they created fictitious activity in the shares and sold 6,000 of them at $59 a share.

For this Cord and Markin were enjoined by the federal court from further manipulating the stocks of the Cord companies. As a result of this, the former sold out his interests in his shipbuilding, motor and aviation corporations for $2,632,000. And the papers say the forty-three-year-old financier will retire.

No one can plumb the intentions of so restless a spirit. But his exit now, like the exit of Mr. Mike Meehan two weeks ago, marks a most important episode in American finance. Mike Meehan, well known stockbroker and pool manager, has been thrown off the Exchange by the SEC for conducting manipulative operations in Ballanca stock.

If we keep that up, the performances of the Meehans and Cords may pass from the domain of law to the more airy but more effective domain of ethics. People have had an open admiration for dramatic fellows like the Meehans and Cords. The moral values in their conduct did not interest the public. What interested the public was the enormous success in dollars and cents which attended their adventures. Meehan was one of that large fraternity who believed the mechanisms of the Stock Exchange were for the purpose of gambling in the shares listed on the Exchange and nothing else. Cord belongs to that even larger group whose members believe that the corporations they dominate are mere counters in the great gambling game of industry. Both continued their operations after the SEC law was passed to stop them. They really didn't think the law was to be taken seriously.

But now it appears the law is to be taken seriously. The fate of these two men ought to send a shiver through more than one corporation directorate. And presently men will begin to look this matter over and come to the conclusion that exploiting the stockholders who trust you and the exchange customers who have confidence in you and your institution is morally bad and that the men who do these things must be frowned on. Maybe this kind of conduct will become disreputable. In any case the SEC has now done something tangible and real, for which it is to be praised.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Commentary Pleasures

COMMENTARIES on literary works are intended to profit us most seriously; and I, who have always been a reader of them, have read them on this account but also for pastime. They can easily have as much to them and more variety at that than much of the second-rate creative. In reviewing Mr. F. L. Lucas' four volumes of John Webster, I held over the commentary for another time, a few notes on commentaries in general, the pleasures and pains of them.

The first of these pleasures, naturally, would come at those places where the commentary helps us to a right meaning that we might otherwise have missed; and from this useful service it may go on to brilliance and illumination, an addition to the full life and contagion of what we read. Mr. Lucas is thus useful when he points out, for Webster's line about the curse of children—"In life they keep us frequently in tears"—how good an example this is of the damage time can do to a line: "frequently" once meant "incessantly," "repeatedly"; or when he notes that "coffined in a baked meat" is not an example of Webster's macabre mind, as Symonds thought it was, but merely Elizabethan for a mold of paste or a pie-dish.

Agreeable ruminations are stirred when we see the Dante passage that Byron uses for the first eight lines of a "Don Juan" canto, and how exactly and happily he could get the Italian into English when he set himself to do it; and then to see Gray beginning the "Elegy" with two of these same Dante lines, and the inflection he gave them; or when we see Milton's line, so admired, so often repeated or imitated by other poets—"Under the opening eyelids of the Morn"—traced by Todd to Job III, 9, "the dawning of the day," marginal reading, Hebrew, "the eyelids of the morning," and to Job XLI, 18.

That side of the commentaries, self-evident, of course, and inexhaustible, includes the emendations of lines that have suffered in various manuscripts and printings. These also are endless, the mere thought of them suggests the superb Ellis commentary on Catullus and Politian's description of how, while still a youth, he corrected a MS reading, and this before a group of learned men in Florence at the court of Lorenzo de Medici; or brings to mind that special and startling intuition which can appear in some proposed emendation, such, for example, as the *quae visit visere credit,* adopted by Ellis from Voss, for the Ariadne line.

Along with the explanations and clarifications there may likely appear, as if almost in the course of nature itself, the editor's own sentiments and philosophy of life; he becomes the author's second soul, perhaps, or at least he expresses himself with some passage or word of the author's for his starting point, text, springboard or what you will. We all know what a great comment can do for a text, and that there are cases where the comment is better than the text it hovers around; and that sometimes it is not really about its text at all but whether so or not is yet too good to lose. I will not say that Mr. Lucas in any of his Webster notes, packed as they are with learning, brings to the commentary any such luminosity or superflowering as this. But he does provide at times that certain very recognizable type where the editor can be seen to spread himself

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as such. Reading this sort of commentary, to be found in so many works on so many poets, you say to yourself, now the old boy will give us his version, he will show us what he can do on his own; the poet has got him wound up. Presently, perhaps, you begin to feel it being suggested to you that you are not very subtle; you become sensible of a most gross incapacity for the finer perceptions; in the face of some passage that should have stunned you, you have gone right on reading as rabbits go on nibbling grass when one of them is knocked over the head. And then again your good sense tells you that this fine flourish of the commentator's was for the most part only some lush or eloquent mooning, or misplaced literary ambition, or some vanity of parts. You are free to see the fun of it, not without some permissible malice even.

Malicious or not, there are passages in this commentary on Webster's plays that seem to me hilarious. In, to take two of these, "The White Devil," just as Brachiano is about to be strangled, Lodovico says that he will be forgotten before his funeral sermon, and Brachiano, "come to himself again," calls to his wife, "Vittoria! Vittoria!" "It is perhaps fanciful," says the commentator, "to note that Brachiano's last terrible cry for the woman he loved follows upon the taunt that he will be forgotten immediately and utterly—as though in that thought lay the supreme agony of all." I can only hope it is fanciful to note so.

"There can hardly be a more hideous sneer in literature than this—" I read. . . . "We seem suddenly in the midst of Dante's Hell. . . ." What's that? I say to myself, Dante? and I missed it? I find the text:

Cornelia.
What make you here my Lord this dead of night?
Never dropt meldew on a flower here, till now.
Flamineo.
I pray will you go to bed then,
Lest you be blasted?

Those are the lines, and so back to the commentary: "There can hardly be a more hideous sneer in literature than this of Flamineo's at his mother's faded beauty. We seem suddenly in the midst of Dante's Hell, amid those voices which—

Bestemmiavano Iddio e lor parenti,
l'umana specie, il luogo, il tempo, e il seme
di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti."

Essentially such an exhibition is shocking, but it seems healthier to laugh. Among the innumerable references, quotations, sources, citations, parallels and so on that are possible and likely in a full commentary, some necessary, some full of extensions in meaning, some mere commentator's vanity, or perfunctory lumber of scholarship, some small histories in themselves, there are always some that, no matter which of those headings they may come under, are a great reading and delight. Running my eye again here and there among those 516 pages, octavo, of my Ellis, I find (Suetonius records it) that in Caesar's opinion Catullus' poems against him had branded him forever; the pencils the Romans used to line their manuscripts were circles of lead; for the poem on Aemilius a note of some 150 words deals gravely with *u* or *o* in the word for one of the less delicate parts of the body, noting the Parma MS, an epigram of Luxorius, divers Martial MSS, Cicero, and the fact that "eleven instances of the word preserved on the walls of Pompeii, have the *u* form, only one the *o*, No. 1406, Zangemeister."

In the Webster commentary—Sir Jerome Bowe, Elizabeth's Ambassador to the court of Ivan the Terrible, "refused, it is said, to doff his cap before the Tsar, though the French Ambassador had had his hat nailed to his head for similar boldness." The idea that a drinking cup made of a unicorn's horn would prevent poisoning is as old as the first mention of the Unicorn itself, in a passage of Ctesias. It was sold in Renaissance Italy at 1536 crowns an ounce, when an ounce of gold was worth only 140 crowns. Pope Julius III bought a whole horn. The Prince of Anhalt saw two of these horns at Windsor, one of them worth, according to another traveler, £100,000. As late as the French Revolution a horn was used to test the royal food at the Court of France.

For the 560 pages octavo of his translation of Pausanias, J. G. Frazer, in addition to 149 pages of introduction and 194 of index, has 2319 pages of commentary, a bottomless mine of every ancient ore, though for the most part engaging an omnivorous surface, like Pausanias himself.

At Taenarum Pausanias saw the statue of Arion on the dolphin. The story was in Herodotus, of course, but what Pausanias did also see with his own eyes was "the dolphin at Porosolene that was mauled by fishermen and testifies its gratitude to the boy who healed it. I saw that dolphin answer to the boy's call, and carry him on its back when he chose to ride." The commentary cites Aelian, who tells this story and says the dolphin made money for the family by catching fish for them. Pausanias records seeing the common tomb of the Thebans who fell at Chaeronea. No inscription was carved on the tomb, but a lion was placed on it. In the commentary we read that the tomb was excavated in 1879. It consists of a large quadrangular space sunk in the ground to the depth of a few feet, and measuring about twenty-six by sixteen paces. The sides of the enclosure are lined with masonry several courses high, which keeps the enclosed space clear. In this enclosure 254 skeletons were found laid in several rows; and it was ascertained by excavations it had been covered by a mound on which the lion lay, and when the mound was cleared away the skeletons appeared packed close together in the enclosure, with the marks of their wounds still visible on them.

STARK YOUNG.

Another Harvest

Before the pine trees spread the field
there are ghosts to be faced.

Our red blood to them to drink of—
without their drinking and their speaking
we are alone, we are nothing.

Before the launching, the prow to be kissed,
before the plowing, the share to be blest.

Before our living
to raise the dying.

And then the furrowing of our pathless sea
and the next harvest of our earth.

HANIEL LONG.

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The Bandwagon

Jasper Elkins, eighty-three-year-old blacksmith, is growing his third set of teeth. He says credit should go to his habits of never becoming angry, never using profanity or tobacco and voting a straight Democratic ticket.—*Dispatch from Grant City, Mo., to The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal-Post.*

When Mark Twain wrote his delightful fantasy of the pauper boy who suddenly found himself a prince, he probably had never heard of the Warner Brothers.—*From a review of "The Prince and the Pauper" in Modern Screen Classics.*

"Why did you think it necessary to ascertain the political affiliation of the members of the mob?" Senator La Follette asked.

"I didn't ask for their political affiliations," Allman replied, "I just wanted to know how many were Communists."—*Report of a hearing of the La Follette committee, in The Evansville, Ind., Press.*

Speaking as a total abstainer, Lady Montgomery Massingberd said it would help a great deal if people who did not care for alcoholic drink would "take the pledge."

"Those of you who go to sherry parties and cocktail parties," she added, "finish what is in your glasses. Do not let it go away to be drunk in the pantry by somebody who, perhaps, has not taken it before, or has not acquired the taste."—*Lincolnshire (England) Echo, quoted in The New Statesman.*

The fact that some of the rioters were shot in the back is, in my judgment, no discredit upon the police force of Chicago. Had they not been running away they would probably have caught the bullets somewhere else.—*From a letter signed Edward J. Randall, appearing in The Chicago Tribune.*

And Columbus Can Go Back Where He Came From

Voliva said today that the recent flights of Russian aviators from their homeland to the United States by way of the North Pole "absolutely confirmed" his theory of a flat world.

The Pole, he explained, is "just a point fixed by the North Star."

What about the possibility of flying over the South Pole?

"There isn't any South Pole," Voliva asserted.—*Wilbur Glenn Voliva, religious leader of Zion, Ill., quoted in The Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

CORRESPONDENCE

Now It Can Be Said

SIR: A telling blow in behalf of freedom of speech and civil liberties in general has just been delivered by the Supreme Court of Indiana, in the well known Butash case. Paul Butash, a solicitor of subscriptions for the Literary Digest, was arrested in the small rural village of Angola, in the northeast corner of Indiana, in May of 1936, was indicted under the Indiana Criminal Syndicalism Law, and was charged with inciting the overthrow of the government of the United States and of the state of Indiana by saying, amongst other things, that "the masses should overthrow the rich uncles of Wall Street by seizing their property, that all colleges belong to the student body, that all business belongs to the masses, and that all factories if not given up peaceably should be seized and operated by the masses."

He was convicted by a jury and sentenced to the Indiana State Prison for five years, where he served eleven months before he was released on bail in the sum of $5,000 furnished in April, 1937, by the Civil Liberties Union.

The Supreme Court, in its opinion, quotes from the transcript of the evidence some of the remarks made by Butash as follows: "We have to change our system of government here; we would do that through a revolution, we would have to have a revolution to change our form of government. . . . " He also talked about the formation of a farmer-labor party.

The Court then concludes by saying that the remarks by Butash were only the expression of his opinion upon the economic or political questions of the present time, and a possible partial solution for them, or else a mere statement of existing facts; that the questions asked of Butash assumed that there was something wrong with our system of government and our economic set-up, and his answers were the expression of his opinion as to how such problems might be solved; and finally that taking the evidence most strongly against him, no one could reasonably say that he had violated the provisions of the statute.

It will be seen that this case is a very strong precedent in favor of free speech. It can be used as a sanction for the expression of the most vigorous opinions with impunity, and the expression of such opinions and theories does not amount to incitement to overthrow the government within the meaning of the statute.

The legal defense was handled exclusively by the legal staff of the International Labor Defense, Chicago District, including the undersigned.

H. E. Baker.

Chicago, Ill.

Heil and Farewell

SIR: I clipped the story by Thomas Wolfe, "I Have a Thing to Tell You" [The New Republic, March 10, 17 and 24] from your journal and mailed it to a friend in Germany. I lost the friend. He did not see fit to refute or criticize, but with a torrent of emotional, irrational words broke off our friendship. This is what he said:

> I beg you urgently to spare me such stupid writings. Our relationship has always been purely human. Why do you now bring things into it that are ugly and repulsive? The accomplishments of the German government in the last four years should fill all Germans, in foreign lands as well, with the greatest respect and appreciation. What is the idea behind this lying propaganda? You ought to come over and convince yourself. Where else can you still find the wonderful peace of labor and the will to build up in the interest of the whole people that prevail here? Man, Fred, you too were born in Germany and you have Germany to thank for your whole spiritual culture. Don't forget that as a German you have only one task: always and everywhere to stand up for Germany. I ask you henceforth not to write to me any more.

Fred Berensmeier.

Miami, Fla.

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The Riddle of Russia

SIR: I have recently returned from Europe and consequently only just had an opportunity to read your issue of July 28 with Brailsford's "What Has Happened in the USSR?" May I congratulate you on publishing such a remarkably courageous and significant paper, and be permitted at the same time to make some comment on the accompanying editorial note? In this note you make the following statement: ". . . it is almost impossible for anyone outside the USSR to give a final answer to the riddle of recent events there." I can quite understand your hesitation about giving a final answer, but I must say I cannot understand the editorial position to which you refer. Is it that your readers are expected not to believe the reports coming out of Russia at this time? Surely Mr. Brailsford's statements in regard to the extent of the executions can hardly be challenged; and if information which I received in Europe, from sources which I believe to be reliable, is even partially true, recent developments in regard to the great numbers of people placed in concentration camps make conditions there intolerable for anything like a free society.

I submit, then, that it can no longer be denied that a form of terror exists in Russia which is of the gravest concern to all of us interested in the progress of society, and that an ostrich-like policy towards a consideration of these events is no longer possible. For years to come reactionaries are bound to justify their efforts to block progress by citing what is happening in Russia today. It is not too soon, therefore, to face what the effect of this situation will be for our own country. This is why I write, urging on your editors a serious reconsideration of the editorial position to which you refer at the opening of the article. "Without truth no human society can survive."

W. W. NORTON.

New York City.

NFFE and Reclassification

SIR: I have just read in your issue of July 28 the article entitled "The CIO on Capitol Hill," by Messrs. Sasuly and Flato. In this article the National Federation of Federal Employees, the oldest of the larger organizations among the federal officials, is referred to as having "a history of twenty-one years of inertia."

It has been my duty over the past twenty years to keep closely in touch with the development of public personnel administration. I do not know of any positive achievement in the field during that period that is more important than the passage of the reclassification act. That act was adopted in large measure through the work done by the National Federation of Federal Employees and through the splendid leadership of its president, Mr. Luther Stewart. It so happens that shortly after that act was passed, I published in The New Republic an article which described it and its importance, and referred particularly to the work of this organization and of Mr. Stewart as marking a new and positive contribution to the fight for higher administration standards in this country, since the interest of the public employee himself was brought to a focus upon the task of developing a career service open to ability and experience.

It is not only unjust to ignore this major contribution, but any newcomers and converts to the work of improving public personnel policies may easily damage the movement unless they not only appreciate the detailed technical problems of public-personnel administration but are aware of the lines of advance which must be pushed further forward.

JOHN M. GAUS.

Madison, Wis.

Kropotkin Can Be Had

SIR: Mr. Herman Simpson [The New Republic, August 11] voices the belief that Kropotkin's "The Great French Revolution" is out of print. I am very glad to inform you, however, that this is not true. Peter Kropotkin's great work is issued in two volumes in the Vanguard Series.

New York City. JAMES HENLE.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Gilbert T. Hunter, of Arlington, Virginia, thinks one reason the Wagner Housing bill was given such drastically bad amendments in the Senate was that "the men from the agricultural states, who dominate the Senate, feel small interest in voting funds whose major benefit would accrue to the industrial sections." He joins us in hoping the House will restore some of the force and value of the original bill.

P. Noorigian, of West New York, New Jersey, sends us copies of correspondence concerning The Hudson Dispatch, a newspaper printed in Union City, New Jersey. When the loyalist government of Spain was referred to in that newspaper in a dispatch credited to the Associated Press always with either "Red" or "Communistic" as a qualifying adjective, Mr. Noorigian wrote to the AP. General headquarters in New York City replied, "The Associated Press did not and does not use these terms in describing the Madrid government." Mr. Noorigian then wrote to The Hudson Dispatch accusing the newspaper of deliberately inserting words that were not in the copy as received. The newspaper has not yet replied.

Albert Orrick, of Washington, D. C., challenges our statement, quoted from New York City newspapers, that Donald Kirkley, organizer of the Johnstown Citizens' Committee, is "an employee of the Ku Klux Klan newspaper which was converted into The National Farm News." The reference was made in an editorial, "The Right to Work," in our issue of August 4. Mr. Orrick says that Kirkley bought the magazine last winter, and although its former owner was anti-Catholic, anti-alien and anti-labor, neither the paper nor Kirkley has ever had any connection with the Ku Klux Klan.

Cyril Clemens, president of the International Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Missouri, tells us he is writing a biography of G. K. Chesterton and wishes that anyone who may have or know of relevant material would communicate with him. . . . The editors of New Challenge, a literary quarterly, scheduled to be launched next month by a group of Negro writers, tell us they will welcome stories, poems, plays and articles from persons of all races. Material preferably should deal with social themes but "lyricists will also be welcomed." Dorothy West is editor and offices have been established at 43 West Sixty-sixth Street, New York City.

Malcolm Cowley will tell what he saw and heard in Valencia and Madrid at a special meeting to be held at the New School for Social Research, New York City, at 8:30 P.M. on Wednesday, August 25. The League of American Writers and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy are joint sponsors. George Soule will act as chairman and the meeting will be open to the public.

John J. Johnson of Orlando, Florida, thinks that large corporations may be making a mistake, even from their own point of view, in using wage increases as an excuse for a disproportionate increase in the cost of goods to the consumer. He cites the present demoralized state of the anthracite-coal industry as an example of how overreaching for price can react on sales and production.

What's on the Air?

Madame Chiang Kai-shek gives her analysis of the crisis between China and Japan. Monday, August 23, 7:30 P.M., CBS.

Dorothy Thompson is heard in a regular weekly series commenting on personalities and events in the news. Friday, August 27, 10:45 to 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

H. V. Kaltenborn, editor and radio commentator, describes from Paris "What I Saw in Loyalist Spain." Sunday, August 29, 2 P.M., CBS.

Noteworthy musical programs of the week include broadcasts from the Music Festival at Salzburg, Austria. Mozart's own piano is played by Robert Scholz, Saturday, August 29, 4:15 to 4:45 P.M.; and there are concerts conducted by Arturo Toscanini Monday, August 23, 4:20 to 5:10 P.M. and Tuesday, August 24, 12:30 to 2 P.M.—all on the NBC-Red Network. The Chicago Civic Opera Orchestra is heard on Tuesday, August 24, 8:30 P.M., CBS.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Proletariat v. the State

World Revolution: 1917-1936, by C. L. R. James. New York: Pioneer Publishers. 432 pages. $3.50.

THIS most competently written book, it may as well be said at once, presents the case of that section of the Russian Bolshevik Party which follows Trotsky, and despite its too obvious bias and its animus it deserves some serious attention from anyone who is honestly trying to understand present Russian events. For it is no mere pamphlet thrown out in the face of the Moscow trials, but a close historical study of the theoretical differences within Marxist doctrine and the bitter struggle to which they have given rise within the organization and policies of the Soviet Union. It is based too largely upon the writings of one of the chief protagonists: nevertheless it does cast some light into a dark situation.

According to the author's argument, two points kept Trotsky out of the Bolshevik Party until 1917—the rigid form of organization known as democratic centralism, and Lenin's refusal to accept the theory of the permanent revolution. In 1917, each conceded the other's point to be sound for the situation presented by the revolution, and they came together for the October *coup d'état*. But only temporarily did they convince the whole Party. After the defeat of the Whites and the Interventionists, a section under the leadership of Stalin pressed for a policy of internal consolidation. The conflict that ensued revolved around Marx's dictum that socialism could not be established in a single country. Stalin, essentially a nationalist and an opportunist, declared that it could be; and with his hands on Lenin's centralized organization, his decision carried.

Mr. James's thesis definitely casts Stalin for the role of villain. From his bandit origins he inherits a lust for personal power, and so uses the party machine to make himself a national dictator. The appeal to the international proletariat is dropped, and power relations with the capitalist governments of Europe developed in its place. The revolutionary activities in Germany (1923) and China (1926-27) are sabotaged. Industrialization is begun tardily and then mismanaged with bungling ruthlessness. Fascism is allowed to slip into power in Germany. And to crown it all, the USSR is taken into the Geneva League, thereby becoming entangled in the machinations leading to the next imperialist war. All of which accounts for the opposition—which is a communist, not a capitalist opposition.

Where the intelligent non-communist reader will first dissent from this argument is in its emphasis on personalities. The villain hypothesis is too simple. Surely the situation is one of tragedy rather—a genuine conflict between rights. When the revolutions in Europe failed (and the commonsense explanation of their failure must be sought in *local* conditions), the Russian workers' state had to fend for itself in isolation. Treaties with the capitalist powers were necessities. Hence a state power very much on traditional lines which had to deal with doubtful allies in the face of a threat from certain enemies. Hence, too, the need to placate unconverted elements within the country whose assistance is requisite to speedy industrialization. With the best will in the world, the Comintern abroad and social equality at home are compromised. Or so it would reasonably appear.

Still, the opposition is entirely comprehensible. What is not so clear is the reason for the tactics of assassination, wreckage and treason. There a disastrous turn was taken; and Stalin has taken another with his ruthless suppression. Along that road reconciliation is impossible, and Mr. James is not enlightening about the way out. The Fourth International is a slim and desperate expedient.

On page 122 occurs a phrase which queerly illustrates an aspect of Marxian thought. "If Lenin returned today. . . ." Mark that! The Second Coming! A slip of the pen merely; but it is by such means that a man's essentially wishful thinking is betrayed through his armor of historical materialism.

G. McLURE.

On Mice and Men

Planned Society: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow, edited by Findlay Mackenzie, with a Foreword by Lewis Mumford. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1,016 pages. $5.

WITH THE whole of Europe and most of Asia limbering up for another dance of death to end all dancing, a symposium on the theory and practice of social planning would seem a macabre joke (more, Stalin and Mussolini are joint contributors to one chapter). Well, you can take or leave this collection of the work of thirty-five specialists. My guess is that if you are at all interested in contemporary thought on virtually every phase of social planning, from prehistoric times to the present, you will take—with appreciation for a tough job conscientiously handled—what Findlay Mackenzie has to offer in his one-volume encyclopedia of economics and sociology. The structure of the book is such that the reader can concentrate on any one of a number of special topics, as discussed by authorities in the field. Initial summaries facilitate the task of following the argument, and each contribution (most of them are reprints from earlier books and articles) is an independent unit fitting more or less logically into the general picture. Biographical notes and elaborate bibliographies of source material add to the reference value of the book.

Of the four main sections two stand out as of compelling interest. One, dealing with social planning in selected areas of economic activity, contains a vast amount of information on the problems of land-use, industrial relations, the public services, fiscal and monetary control, free enterprise and the consumer. Most of this material has to do with American problems, and the contributors include such names as Arthur E. Morgan, Lewis C. Gray, Theresa Wolfson and Rosalind Tough—whose article on land planning and urban housing is a fine bit of concrete, factual analysis. It is unfortunate that Arthur Morgan should be the only spokesman for the TVA program, and that so little use was made of the excellent material assembled by the Federal Power Commission's survey of our power resources. Also, the absence of such well informed and progressive authorities as Mary Van Kleeck and Walter Polakov is to be regretted. The final section carries us from William F. Ogburn's well known theory of Social Change through a variety of general studies (including one on propaganda by Harold Lasswell and two by Sidney Hook) to the actual operations of "totalitarian" states—with the unaccountable omission of Germany.

The net impression left by this volume is one of extraordinary diversity and confusion both in methods and objectives. From Margaret Mead's interpretation of life among the Australian aborigines right down to the hopeless contradictions between democracy and dictatorship, the picture resembles a kaleidoscope whose patterns seldom remain long enough at one stage to permit a clear vision of their essential units. To take one striking instance of this confusion: Arthur Feiler, in his long essay on the totalitarian

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state, repeatedly (and in the very teeth of Mussolini's own emphatic denials three chapters farther on) draws the deadly parallel between fascism and bolshevism. In doing so he still further encourages an attitude which, however innocently adopted, can in action—and today all attitudes tend inexorably toward action—lead only to the gravest consequences for millions of human beings. In the social sciences, as in mathematics, there is such a thing as a "vector": the same forces, according to their movement in one direction or in another, can determine end-results as far apart as ice and fire.

HAROLD WARD.

Fiction by Smell

Eve's Doctor, by Signe Toksvig. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Nothing Is Safe, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

War on Saturday Week, by Ruth Adam. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

Runaround, by Benjamin Appel. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Little Children, by William Saroyan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood, by Leane Zugsmith. New York: Random House. $1.50.

THERE are very few books worth taking seriously, and those few are perhaps beyond the reach of contemporary criticism. The books whose titles appear at the head of this review, though they are not beyond even a lazy reach, nor can they be considered epochal, are most of them worth the reading. Taking them not as so many fragments of an eternal verity but as human documents rank with human odors, I can only report what they smell like. If this procedure offends present-day sensibilities, I might point out that our forefathers had a stronger nasal sense of morality. If you can't follow your own nose, what can you follow?

Foreigners always have a distinctive odor to American nostrils. "Eve's Doctor" is doubly foreign. Its author is Signe Toksvig, who is the Scandinavian wife of an Irishman, Francis Hackett (who still occasionally graces these pages). Her story is about an Irish obstetrician who had returned from America to his native land to help give it a hand up out of the bog. Too keen on his job to be patient of roundabout Irish ways, and too generous himself to meet religious prejudice and political skulduggery on their own ground, he never noticed how his enemies were closing in on him till it was too late. He lost his hospital but Ireland lost him, for back he went to America to as good a job as ever. Incidentally he also left behind him a heart-broken woman with whom he had spent one night—in his stride, as it were. Miss Toksvig's writing has an old-fashioned flavor that goes very well with the old-fashioned morality (men-must-work-and-women-must-weep) of the story. What saves "Eve's Doctor" is the whiff of hospital smells, among which Miss Toksvig moves without gagging and without tears.

Miss Delafield's "Nothing Is Safe" raises an intentional stink, but its effect is less emetic than temporarily troubling. This story of what happens to two children whose incompetent parents divorce and remarry may make you a little sick at heart but will not really search your vitals. Miss Delafield rouses sympathy for the unfortunate children right enough, and they have the real odor of childhood; but she never lets you get within sniffing distance of the grown-ups. "Nothing Is Safe" would be a tragedy if Miss Delafield had been able to empty out the whole Pandora's box; she has clapped down the lid when there remained more—perhaps worse, perhaps better—to come.

It may not sound like a very kind thing to say, and it is certainly not intended as a reflection on the author, but "War on Saturday Week" smells sick. Its odor of defeatism is so common these days, when so many people have taken to gas-masks, that the taint hardly impinges on the consciousness. Nevertheless, my nose reports that the book has a sickly odor. It is a version of how the next war begins and how it is welcomed by a generation who were children in the last one. Cedric welcomes it because he is a newspaperman, sick of the tamer forms of world-madness; John, because he is an aviator and wants to bomb real targets; Nora, because her Communist lover's death has converted her to violent revolution; Mary, because her peace-loving husband has been shot and she wants the end of the world. This is all very cogent and specious, like cheap perfume, but the smell of humanity is something quite different. The most advertised war in history is not going to be generally welcomed, when it comes; it is not going to come at all unless we grow morbidly reconciled, in advance, to the smell of blood.

These first three books are by foreigners; the next three are home-made, and their aroma seems somehow more natural. Even though fishy is the word for "Runaround." Benjamin Appel's first book, "Brain Guy," was supposed to be as hard-boiled as a picnic egg, and "Runaround" attempts to be the same but more so, this time about the New York political racket. The hero is a young jobless Jew who takes to ward-heeling for his bread and butter and works up within sight of much fancier provender, only to lose everything when his boss gets the double-cross-and-out. Mr. Appel tries to shoot a little hope into his dreary story by a defiant last line and a brave little foreword. ("The Years of the runaround are numbered. The great majority of Americans want the American dream of Jefferson and Lincoln to be realized now.") Whether the fishy smell comes from Mr. Appel's idealism or from the hysterical grotesqueness of his characters, it is strong enough to make this reader hold his nose.

Such a bombardment as your nostrils get when you open a book by William Saroyan! Akh! There is a noticeably fishy odor here too—or is it an essence of fish stories?—but it comes mixed in such gusts of fresh air that on the whole my nose welcomes it. (I know that to other noses the fresh air seems much too fresh, or merely hot.) "Little Children" is a collection of his latest stories, and this time they are really stories. Of course the heroes are all little Saroyans, but they are told about by a Saroyan who is less of a show-off and more of a writer than he was a year or so ago. He still publishes too much: four or five of these stories, instead of seventeen, would have made a much more presentable nosegay. Just the same, and whether or not Mr. Saroyan is in good odor with the critics, he smells all right to me.

The same goes for Miss Zugsmith's much more carefully written selection, "Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood." There are no heavenly odors here, nothing to make the senses swoon; in fact, Miss Zugsmith's stories are rather like smelling salts: they make you sit up and look around you with a keener eye, ashamed of having been so comatose. All of these ten stories are well above the honors grade, and at least one of them ("King Lear in Evansville") deserves a place in the American anthology of short stories. Some queasy readers may think Miss Zugsmith needs an ounce of civet to sweeten her imagination, but to those whose nostrils are sickened by the hot-house vapors of commercialized fiction, these stories, rank with humanity, will smell good.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

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Let the Buyer Beware!

Take Care of Yourself, by Jerome W. Ephraim. New York: Simon and Schuster. 302 pages. $2.

More for Your Money, by H. Bennett. New York: New York Chemical Publishing Company. 242 pages. $2.75.

THESE two additions to the consumer's arsenal are symptomatic of a shift in interest from "naming of names" to the more important (and more difficult) problem of consumer education. Neither book names any product by brand name, but each tries to impart the fundamental information without which the consumer is helpless.

"Take Care of Yourself" is a level-headed and sensible account of the limitations of drugs and cosmetics. Mr. Ephraim, who in his own business has demonstrated that it is possible to sell non-proprietary drugs and cosmetics without being a charlatan, stresses not only the "prudent way to buy," but what is equally important, the "proper way to use." His chapters on falling hair, the common cold, indigestion, antiseptics and sleep, are models of what should be, but is not, taught in high-school and college hygiene and physiology courses.

"More For Your Money" is a compendium of useful information on almost every product a small consumer might be interested in buying. It has an index of more than 600 names, yet the book itself demonstrates how futile this type of "education" is. Mr. Bennett suggests, for example, a method of detecting cheapeners in white flour. He advises shaking a "gramme" of flour in a test-tube solution of alcohol and concentrated hydrochloric acid, to be followed by "careful" boiling (since alcohol is inflammable)! If each consumer must become an amateur chemist to buy wisely, God help the consumer. What is needed instead of test-tube experiments is the enactment of federal legislation which will not only prevent harmful or falsely advertised products from being sold, but will, by the adoption of numercial grades and standards, eliminate the necessity for "authoritative guides to buying."

WILL MASLOW.

Specimen Metropolis

A History of Chicago. Volume One: The Beginning of a City, 1673-1848, by Bessie Louise Pierce. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 505 pages. $5.

A SOCIOLOGIST-HISTORIAN in need of a specimen of metropolitan growth could hardly imagine a better one than Chicago, which came up in a single century from a tiny settlement of log huts on sand and mud to a city of 4,000,000 people. Dr. Pierce's work is the first thorough representation of that achievement in terms of the "new" history. This volume extends to 1848, when the telegraph brought Chicago into quick contact with the outer world, and the city saw its first railroad—the Galena and Chicago Union—in operation. The first load of freight taken on that line, according to Philip Guedalla's recent bravura of the events of the last hundred years, "did more to change the world than all the Continental drama" of that ebullient year.

Dr. Pierce gives a skillful summary of Chicago's earliest beginnings: the geographical background, the French explorers, early trade, the story of Fort Dearborn. She felt it was unnecessary to develop these points at length, because the previous work of Dr. Milo M. Quaife has covered them in detail. But with the abundance of statistics and unplumbed data of the 1830's and after, the book begins to expand. It devotes a good deal of space to the hot greed of the speculative era, the big boom that ended with the panic and depression of 1837. In 1841 the branch of the state bank located at Chicago flickered feebly through the bad years and went out altogether, and work stopped on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, the Irish laborers thus left jobless giving the city its first problem of poor relief. Politically, the town swayed between the Whigs and the Tories; the Liberty Party never became predominant. In 1848 Chicago voted for Van Buren on the Free Soil ticket. The population by that time had reached 20,000.

But Dr. Pierce's book is not exclusively economic-political. Cultural and social trends are closely investigated: religion, newspapers, nationalities, class distinctions, theatres and other phases of the growing city. She frequently quotes from contemporary documents; some of them are already quaint, others sound like today. The book is an important contribution to American scholarship but it also gives the effect of the pushing and bustling in the sturdy young city. There is plenty of the romantic, not so much in the obvious frontier-and-Indians sense as in the newer concept of the term—ideal lines of force converging to produce outward realizations of man's needs. Unfortunately this can be perverted into materialism, as it usually has been in Chicago; but as Dr. Pierce says, "it must not be forgotten that there were mirrored many cross-currents of humanism and cultural striving."

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Two Successful Writers

Bayard Taylor: Laureate of the Gilded Age, by Richard Croom Beatty. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press. 405 pages. $3.

The Quiet Lodger of Irving Street, by William Wash Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 251 pages. $2.50.

MR. BEATTY makes a prefatory point that the study of a minor author may lead to a major conclusion, the conclusion in this instance being that the applause of Taylor's generation could be gained by something less than the best. That is perennially true. The man Mr. Beatty presents with a measure of criticism, but also a measure of apology, could extol the rapacious life of the Forty-niners, and convince himself that God's hand was revealed in the death of his bride and the resultant inspiration of his poetic soul. He was capable of alleging that if he could have a week with Swinburne he could chasten the leader of the fleshly school. He could damn a reviewer for telling the unwelcome truth, and within forty-eight hours "conceive at least six new poems." He could soberly rededicate himself to the Muse after years of neglect in favor of journalism, and on the same day accept a prolonged newspaper travel assignment. He could contract the country-gentleman's ambition and frustrate himself in the endless lecturing needed to pay the gentleman's debts. He could lose his audience, his powers and finally his life in the insatiable desire for activity which was his substitute for thinking. Mr. Beatty's book is more critical than those of his predecessors. It is doubtful if any more will be necessary. Taylor died of exhaustion. So has his reputation.

O. Henry has been pretty generously written up, what with the full-lengths in the Davis-Maurice and the Alphonso Smith volumes, the memorial essay of Archibald Hender-

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son and several intimate portraits by writers whose productions W. S. Porter could hardly have relished. But Mr. Williams, who was a daily associate during the story-teller's last years among the Four Million has added something of his own. It is a modest, circumstantial account, written in affection but without sentimentality, except for a last drippy paragraph. The book has a good deal for readers who like O. Henry and his stories; and it has also quite as much for people who are interested in the short story and wish they could write one. For one sees how the man—who never regarded himself as anything but a paid craftsman—gathered his materials with eye and ear, and then of how his gift displayed itself in his unfailing ability to produce finished copy to meet a deadline and to send it out unrevised by the errand boys who waited for the instalments. This is not at all like the examples offered by Stevenson or de Maupassant. Which just proves that O. Henry in life and letters was *sui generis;* and a very amiable genus it was.

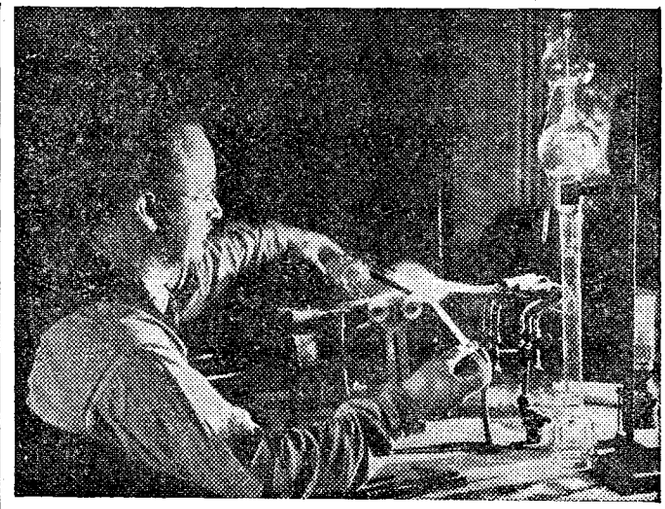
PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Birth Control Through the Ages

Medical History of Contraception, by Norman E. Himes. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. 552 pages. $7.

THE APPEARANCE of the first comprehensive history of birth control is in itself a significant event in birth-control history. It marks the emergence of the movement into the sphere of accepted sociological and medical validity. The fact that this medical history was written by a layman and sponsored by a group of physicians is packed with meaning. No physician or medical historian was equally equipped to write it, and only a few years ago organized support from the medical profession for such a project would have been unthinkable. Birth-control has been a great popular movement. Its need was felt, its propaganda spread and organized, its research pursued by and through the cumulative pressure of the popular will. The democratization of technical knowledge and the growing emphasis on social and preventive aspects of medicine have been important factors in its development. There is a tide in the affairs of social movements. The tide has now engulfed so large an advance-guard of physicians, sociologists, health officers, anthropologists, ministers and social workers that the status of contraception has changed from that of a slightly crack-brained personal cause to a recognized social necessity. True, our laws still formally but not effectively hamper it and organized obscurantism and timidity still oppose it, but actually every attack brings hordes of recruits and the tone of the press is increasingly benevolent. All that is actually necessary is enough money to finance the needed work.

Professor Himes's researches demonstrate that from prehistoric times to the present the desire and effort toward contraception (as distinguished from its achievement) has existed in all cultures, even those that scorned sterility and worshipped fertility. This immense inquiry—the bibliography covers sixty pages—first glances at population controls and contraceptive practices in preliterate societies, Eastern and Western antiquity, the Middle Ages and early modern times as illustrated in tribal customs, magic, folk medicine, in ancient books of wisdom, folk belief and legend, and lay literature. Before 1800 indications are exclusively medical. But with the nineteenth century, social and economic indications are increasingly stressed. The organization and socialization of the movement and the democratization



Hands That Shape Modern Living

SKILLED hands that join glass and metal so that the human voice can reach millions of listeners. They first fashioned the high-power vacuum tube on a principle used today in every broadcasting station. They built the x-ray tube which has become an indispensable aid to the physician. They are the hands of craftsmen in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady.

They are the hands that enacted much of the thrilling history of the tubes in your radio, of phototubes that outperform the human eye, of sodium lamps that make night driving safer on many American highways. Skilled and experienced, these craftsmen built the first models of many of the new devices which now play an important part in modern civilization.

Research combines the abstract genius of the mathematician, the ingenuity of the experimenter, the practical skill of the craftsman. Our whole American system is built on the co-operation of many hands and minds to translate the findings of science into an abundance of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries we all desire. More goods for more people—at less cost—is the goal of American industry. It is the goal toward which G-E research has made and is making significant progress.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

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of technique distinguish the modern period. Beginning with Francis Place, who in 1823 published the first handbills and instituted the first social propaganda, the modern movement, with its literature, personalities and social and scientific developments is traced to the present day. A final section on democratized contraception and its probable future touches on clinics, fertility, population theories, racial and religious factors. The book is well illustrated and thoroughly documented. A second volume will deal with the social and economic history of contraception and a third will be devoted to birth control in relation to contemporary theories of population, a subject which greatly needs to be clarified. CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN.

The Victim

The Dreyfus Case, by The Man—Alfred Dreyfus, and His Son—Pierre Dreyfus. New Haven: Yale University Press. 327 pages. $3.75.

DREYFUS had spent five years on Devil's Island before the devotion of his wife and of his older brother, together with the efforts of Picquart and others, unearthed the evidence which pointed overwhelmingly to Esterhazy as the man who had actually sold the military secrets. But to expose Esterhazy meant also to expose the guilt of the members of the General Staff officers, Du Paty de Clam and others, who had engineered Dreyfus' conviction. The intrigue at this point reached such fantastic proportions that the story told in this book resembles nothing so much as an old morality play, with the forces of truth and justice on one side and all the hosts of hell on the other.

There was launched a campaign of vilification against the Jews that was unequaled in modern times by anything before Hitler. Esterhazy was tried and triumphantly acquitted in a farcical proceeding, and Zola and Picquart, who had told the truth, were convicted. The tide of world opinion, however, turned increasingly in Dreyfus' favor, and the bad faith of his persecutors was finally established by a curious accident: an archivist, engaged in the routine task of classifying papers pertaining to the case, discovered that an alleged letter incriminating Dreyfus was a particularly clumsy forgery, pieced together from two different kinds of paper. This discovery resulted in the suicide of one of the chief plotters, but even the second trial was a travesty of justice and resulted in Dreyfus' being found guilty of treason "with extenuating circumstances." The pardon immediately granted him by President Loubet, however, left Dreyfus free to clear himself completely and in public—but only after the case had been open more than twelve years.

This is not the definitive work on the case that it might have been, partly because Pierre Dreyfus' filial devotion makes his contribution a eulogy of his father rather than a factual account. Both authors seem also curiously blind to the social implications of their story. They see it as a purely personal drama with little significance beyond this, except perhaps that of true as opposed to false patriotism. But this limitation is also, in a sense, one of the book's virtues. There are more accurate histories and profounder interpretations of the case in existence. There is no more revealing and moving record of it as a story of individual suffering and endurance; none in which Dreyfus the man so clearly emerges as distinct from the symbol, and none that makes better use of the touching correspondence between him and his family during his years on Devil's Island.

MARTHA GRUENING.

More About Health Insurance

Sickness and Insurance, by Harry Alvin Millis. The University of Chicago Press. 175 pages. $2.

PROFESSOR MILLIS belongs to the old-fashioned school of writers on social insurance. While giving a comprehensive picture of the entire movement for health insurance from its beginnings to this day, he makes no claim that he has either discovered something altogether new or that health insurance in the United States began with his book. In three admirable chapters he lucidly and penetratingly defines the problem of illness and its cost in America, summarizes concisely the health-insurance systems in three leading European countries, and delineates the background of the movement in the United States as well as its present possibilities. Although the lay reader may shy away from the numerous footnotes and the academic typography, there is no finer summary of the basic facts for the student of the problem.

It is unfortunate that Professor Millis should endeavor to be so extremely modernistic in his recommendations. He has obviously not weighed them carefully. His recommendation that cash benefits be paid through the unemployment-insurance systems is clearly unrealistic. The author is too ready to compromise and trade in basic principles. Before the movement for health insurance has even started, he is ready to surrender to the American Medical Association cash benefits—one of the basic needs—hospital provisions and even minor illnesses. Despite his close contact with the NRA, Professor Millis is willing to repeat its mistakes. In this, he reflects the modern determination to go places regardless of the destination.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

Contributors

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WILL MASLOW is a New York City attorney who has made a special study of consumer protection.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE is now in England gathering material for a forthcoming book on D. H. Lawrence.

PERCY H. BOYNTON is professor of English at the University of Chicago. His most recent book is "Literature and American Life," published by Ginn and Company.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of "Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern."

MARTHA GRUENING has devoted many years to study and writing in the field of sociology and has centered her attention on the question of interracial relationships.

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